

The first Shearing





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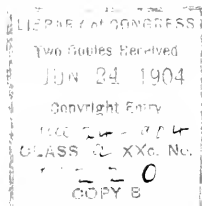
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BY
M. BATTERHAM LINDESAY
OF ASHEVILLE, N. C.



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BY

M. BATTERHAM LINDSAY.

“For Nancy’s Sake.”

Baltimore, Md., October 19, 1883.

*For Nancy’s sake I have been strong and true ;
For her dear sake I have been bold and brave ;
And who shall say, because the skies are blue,
That I have but a mem’ry and a grave ?*

PREFACE.

It is with much trepidation that this volume of fugitive verse is issued to the public. To cheer the dull hours of a few dear women, chiefly mothers-in-law and stepmothers, the authoress has dared to infringe upon the public sympathy — trusting that longsuffering element, while considering the motive, will condone the offence.

M. B. L.

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AN INTRODUCTION.

*She said, "This is my black sheep,"
The Mater dear, one day.
I caught my breath, but straightway laughed
The passing joke away.
I was a little bit surprised,
But neither hurt nor wroth,
For oft, I knew, the black sheep's wool
Becomes the finest cloth.*

THE FIRST SHEARING.

The Day's Work.

If you have eased some soul to-day,
Have helped it upward on life's way;
And, if you were to die to-night,
Your hands would not be empty, quite;
You'd bear one sheaf of golden grain,
To show you had not lived in vain.

If you have taught a child to shun
The paths of evil, or have done
Enough to make a sinner turn,
And for the ways of virtue yearn —
Then, though all earth be on the wane,
Your song shall be the victor's strain.

And if you never turn away
The hungry from your door, nor stay
Your hand to heed the sufferer's cry,
It matters not what wealth goes by —
You have the treasure that shall stay
When all the earth has passed away.

A Kindergarten Song.

LITTLE hands so weak and small,
Scarce can lift or bring at all;
Helping mother every day,
In their own sweet, gentle way.

Picking up so clean and neat
Everything beneath our feet;
Waiting on the baby, too —
Little hands so much can do.

Little feet that dance away
All the long, glad, busy day;
Trotting ever in and out —
Wonder what they are about?

Running errands to the store,
Ever hurrying on before,
Little feet and little hands,
Greatest help in all the lands.

The Old Home by the Nene.

THE old house by the river Nene,
 Stood in the poplar's shade,
When we were little children,
 And in the pastures played :
They tell me they are fallen now,
 That all have passed away,
Yet there is much that is the same,
 As in that by-gone day.

The holly-tree is standing where,
 When earth was white with snow,
We used to watch the robin hop
 So boldly to and fro ;
The walnut trees are just the same,
 The filberts bearing still ;
I never taste such nuts as theirs :
 Of course, I never will.

The cherry-tree is now forgot,
 I'm rather glad 'tis gone,
It used to give me nettle-rash
 Whene'er I climbed upon !

The violets beneath the hedge,
They say, are blooming yet,
Their fragrance and their modesty
I never can forget.

Ah! Memory loves to linger back,
With pleasure nearly pain,
To other scenes and other days
We cannot know again:
And so I think, while life shall last,
Though ocean rolls between,
Each one of us will cherish still
"Our Old Home by the Nene."

A Portrait

I KNOW a man,
When fortune favors him, he is a gentleman,
And this to all; but when adversity,
Cold, chilling, cruel, sweeps over him and his,
He is a king, commander of himself and circum-
stance.

A Thanksgiving.

FATHER, we thank thee!
For the bounding pulse of life;
For the strength to stem the strife;
For the right against the wrong;
For the music and the song;
For the love that we can bring;
For the thought with eagle wing;
For the soul that soars above
Earthly hope and human love;
For the mind whose gifted eye
Can Omnipotence descry;
For the hope of life to be,
For Redemption's mighty plea;
Father, we thank thee!

Father, we thank thee!
For the earth to mankind given,
Sky and air and highest heaven.
For the cloud and rain and sun;
Nature's blessings every one;
For the trees and leaves and flowers.

Making Eden of earth's bowers;
For the shade and for the shine,
Every boundless gift of thine;
For the mighty throbbing sea,
Fittest emblem here of thee!
For all things that live and move,
Constant sureties of thy love:
Father, we thank thee!

Cease thy Fears

CEASE thy fears, dear heart, for me:
The world is very wide,
And many souls are tossed about
By every wind and tide.
How blest are we, who, anchored safe
In haven wide and still,
Secure from every blast that blows,
And safe from every ill.

The Bride's Song.

AN INCIDENT OF A RECENT DISASTER.

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

It was on a railroad journey, and a youthful bride
was there,

With a gay and merry party, and the bridegroom
hoy'ring near;

They were bound for some fair city, where the gay
and gifted throng,

And the merry laugh and chatter made the journey
seem less long.

But the bride was sweetly silent, and from out her
dark-hued eyes

Looked a sweet and winning gladness that had kin-
ship with the skies;

And I thought the bridegroom lingered with a
tenderness at rest,

All unconscious of his ardor, in her presence simply
blest.

Then upon the shades of evening, as we neared the
city's din,
O'er the party's merry laughter came a stillness
creeping in;
It was but the hush of nightfall o'er the wearied
frames of men,
Coming as a soft benison, and as hush of beauty
then.

And one called for songs of worship, as the train
went on its way;
Then the bride's sweet voice was lifted in the hymn
of parting day,
Thrilling with a wondrous sweetness, swelled her
voice e'en unto me,
In those words of holiest yearning, with the
"Nearer —" and "—to thee."

Verse by verse the hymn was caroled in that fair
girl's happy tone,
And I thought 'twas ended, surely, only — only
just too soon;
When, alas! there came a crashing, and a horrid,
roaring din,
And a plunge and fearful havoc as the fire came
pouring in.

We had met a dread disaster. Very few were saved
that day,
And the bride beside her chosen in the death sleep
silent lay,
Nevermore to glad the hearers with the sweetness
of her voice,
Yet she surely gained life's fulness in the "Nearer"
of her choice.

Bonnie May.

DEAL with her gently, O ye censors, now !
By the folded hands and the fair young brow ;
By the years that have gone, and the days to be —
When we shall understand and see —
Shall know so much that puzzles us here —
Well for us now to bear and forbear.

Woman's Crown.

Not in her beauty or learning,
 Not in her power to please,
Nor in her myriad changes,
 Though the world has a place for these.

Not in the word that is spoken,
 Or in the deed that is done,
The beauty of life unbroken,
 The crown of her life is won.

Nothing that gifts can give her,
 No grace of form or heart;
Memories that may outlive her —
 Nothing of simplest part.

Nothing of cultured wisdom,
 And naught of travel wide —
The crown of her life will find her,
 In the glow of her own fireside.

In the smiles of the infant faces
 That turn to her own at night,
In the grace of all earthly graces —
 In motherhood's delight.

A Bushel of Corn.

A BUSHEL of corn, of golden corn,
That up on the cornstalk grew,
From a tiny blade to a graceful plant,
That storm and sunshine knew.

A bushel of corn, what will it bring?
For the man who sowed and tended,
Forty cents — 'tis the farmer's share,
And, of course, it can't be mended.

A bushel of corn. For the railroad, then,
One dollar to pay for freight;
Four to the manufacturer,
To the liquor-vender *eight*.

And what to the man who drinks, you say?
'Tis a foreign word to spell;
If I told it in English, it would sound
Something much like — hell.

Delirium tremens! Wretched wife,
Children starved and lost.
A bushel of corn, of golden corn,
We cannot sum the cost.

A bushel of corn; when the cornstalk bent
To the kiss of the summer breeze,
Was it demon or man that whispered it
To turn into fruits like these?

A Birthday Wish.

JANUARY 22, 1903.

LET us take old Time by the forelock
And hold him fast to-day;
There isn't a bit of sense, my dear,
For him to go on this way.

For you are as young as you ever were,
With a youth that cannot go by;
I can read it in your smile, my dear,
By the love-light in your eye.

And there is no need of wishing
A birthday wish to-day,
For every blessing is yours, dear,
And so there is nothing to say.

An Acrostic.

TO A LADY OF ASHEVILLE.

MAY blossoms in the month of May,
And roses till November,
Rich beauties of the fields and woods
Yield fulness of September.

June, beauties of the garden fair,
April, with apple blow!
No tongue can tell or pen can write
Each blossom fading slow.

Late in the fall, when thankful hearts
Unison blessed know,
Such regal beauties come to view,
Kind Nature doth bestow.

L'ENVOI.

Clover blossoms, red and white —
What matter if the snow is near;
So in your heart, about your path,
The kindlier deeds of life are here.

The Boy I Love.

A song for the boy I love — God bless him,
With eyes as brown as the fawn that strays
Through leafy shadows, by woodland ways;
Yet without a hint of the startled fear
That man has made so familiar there,
Fearless and true in their depths so bright,
Overflowing with love's own light —
 God love him.

A wish for the boy I love — God keep him.
He may pass through life by various ways.
He may know to-morrows and yesterdays,
He may toil and strive for a bauble vain;
He may drink to the dregs of loss and pain,
He may soar so high that the hosts will tell
He was God's own child, he hath conquered well
Whatever it be, the high or the low —
May heaven forfend and guide and know —
 God keep him.

A prayer for the boy I love — Heaven save him,
A heart to love and to trust God gave him.
I can read it now in the light that lies
Like a limpid pool in the nut-brown eyes;
A mind so clear that my heart will quail
When I think of the counsels that may prevail
Till faith to my aid, like a Heaven-sent guest,
Flies and settles herself, and I rest,
Knowing full well that the hand that gave
Can guide and cherish and guard and save.

The Better Part.

BETTER the homeliest cot on earth,
With a soul that honors its heavenly birth,
Than the grandest palace in all the land,
By selfish greed and earth's warring banned.

For a curse lies low on the fairest spot,
Where God and Love and Peace are not:
And a blessing smiles, with no chill disguise,
On the home where a soul is akin to the skies.

The Ex-Slave.

THEY turned him loose, through blood and tears,
A child in everything but years;
One talent his and one alone,
For lack of many might atone —
From childhood he had learned to work,
And never knew the verb to shirk.

They gave him work, at first a dole,
Enough the body and the soul
To keep together; slowly then
They let him find a place with men,
Who toiled and delved and sweated sore,
That they might work and sweat the more.

And now a time has come to him,
Through the hard years, fast waxing dim,
A time when he must turn for bread,
To other hands, or starve instead.
He finds the world a dreary place —
It always has been to his race —
And yearning for his grave-yard bed,
He hath not where to lay his head.

Woodland Notes.

I pass through a vast cathedral,
At noon and at evening dim;
I hear the early matins,
I list to the vesper hymn;
And all through the busy daytime
A spirit of worship lies
O'er me like a benediction
Dropped from the starry skies.

And once in a while, at noontide,
I hear the drowsy hum
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers,
That ever to me say, "Come;
Come from the heat of the conflict,
Come from the jarring strife;
With us is the dew of morning,
With us is the breath of life."

Sometimes at the hush of nightfall
I enter the woodland still,
When a peace beyond my knowledge
Lies over vale and hill.

O weary with earth's old burdens,
O hearts that are seeking rest,
Tired toilers, for one and for all,
Here is the balm of the blest!

Written for the Montford Mother's Club.

A DEAR old lady said the other day,
"Write something of good women."
And I walked
On tiptoe for a week, remembering
Good women I had known; then down to earth
And to a mother's club. How fine
Of all earth's finest things is kindliness;
The thought for other's need. The gentle word
Of sweetest cheer; the genial smile that tells
Of quick appreciation; and the clasp
Of hand to hand. It was my lot
To know a soul whose kindly smile and word
Were like the fruitage of the vine, dispensing wide
A blessing to be held. Thus may we
Cheer and be cheered along life's upward way.

Draining the Zuyder Zee.

It reads like a fairy story,

 This draining the Zuyder Zee —
Thirty-six years of hard labor,
 Reclaiming it from the sea.

Spending millions of dollars —
 Millions of tons of stone,
Millions of hands to work it —
 Made by man alone.

The dyke that will force the ocean
 Back to its ancient place,
Keeping it there, 'tween Nature and man,
 A long-fought, hard-won race.

It reads like a fairy story,
 How the dykes of Holland to-day,
Hold the old ocean backward
 In spite of his icy sway.

In spite of the tempests that batter,
 And of the storms that rise;
And now this wonderful project —
 Long is the head and wise,

That has planned and summed and counted
The cost to its smallest jot —
And the returns incoming —
May old age be his lot.

And age to be blessed with seeing
The mighty project done —
The battle against the ocean
Accomplished, finished, won.

Rich gardens where now the waters
Sweep in their might and main,
Farms and houses and churches
All over the fertile plain.

The Wise Man.

ONLY the fools will rail at fate,
And of their hard luck vastly prate;
The wise man forges slow ahead,
All of his purpose left unsaid.

Expression.

THERE are no "voiceless singers." All strong souls
Must find expression in some human touch,
Knowing they are a part of who controls
Each passing hour, by loving overmuch.

There are no "useless chords" of human life,
No broken harps that never tuned a lay,
Somewhere amid the turmoil and the strife
They have accomplished — justified their stay.

The heart that loves can never love in vain;
For, like the lordly oak-tree, it will bend,
Strengthened by storm, and using loss and pain,
To be a greater blessing in the end.

Expression is the counterpart of life,
And finds its outlet, as the water runs,
By devious ways, with untold beauty rife,
A blessing 'neath a myriad summer suns.

The bird that never sings must voiceless be;
The plant that blooms not sheds a fragrance rare;
One lives by deeds as faithful and as free,
The other suffers for its sweetness here.

To-day.

If you have words of kindness
For some weak heart to-day.
Give them, in fullest measure,
Expression, while you may.

If you have some great object,
Some higher neight to climb,
Keep pegging at it, day by day,
Just while you have the time.

No matter what you live for,
If short or long your stay,
The whole is bound, for good or ill,
In this one word — to-day.

We held the past, but it has gone
Beyond our ken, away,
And all that we can call our own
Is just this small to-day.

A Story of the Sea.

A wild storm raged on the English coast, and a
vessel struck that day,
Out in the offing, where breakers hid, dashed by
the foaming spray;
And the dread signal of distress boomed over land
and sea,
While the waves mocked and the winds shrieked
aloud in fiendish glee.

But anxious watchers on the shore, brave hearts so
strong and true,
Cried, "Man the lifeboat," then — alas! Alas!
what shall we do?
The leader of the lifeboat crew, brave Harry, is
away
Unto the city, and he was to be at home to-day.

But never mind their leader, they could not wait for
him,
The ship must go to pieces, the day was growing
dim;

And through the angry waters the faithful lifeboat
 sped,
Manned by her sturdy crew and strong unto that
 ship ahead.

Ah! little thought the watchers upon that storm-
 beat shore
To see those noble seamen, their friends and kins-
 men, more;
But lo! the Lord is merciful; and back again they
 tossed
With that ship's crew, save one alone, who must, it
 seemed, be lost.

Then Harry rushed into the crowd, and asked why
 he was left?
And "Man the lifeboat!" shouted he; they thought
 he was bereft
Of all his senses, and refused to make the trip again,
While his old mother clung to him with words of
 fear and pain.

"Your father, boy, was lost at sea these many years
 agone,
"Your brother Will returneth not; you are my only
 one;"

But Harry shook her gently off, and laughed her
fears away,
And launched again the lifeboat upon the foaming
spray.

Ah! little thought the watchers upon that storm-
beat shore,
To see their leader bold again, or meet his crew
once more,
Yet through the mighty tempest, the sturdy sailors
passed,
Unto the fated vessel now breaking up so fast.

White faces waited on the shore and eyes were
strained in vain;
The dashing of the blinding spray came mocking
back again,
When o'er the noise of waters a voice rose clear
and shrill,
And Harry's strong voice shouted, "We've got him
— Brother Will!"

A Requiem. .

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

AYE! weep, Columbia, o'er thy noble dead;
Wide as the ocean is thy sorrow spread;
This man of men who sleeps in death to-day
Was Nature's chosen child; and though away
His spirit wings its flight, to sunnier shores,
The glory of his birth and life are yours.

Yet in thy sorrow indignation burns,
That freedom's bounty should meet such returns;
That the foul weed of anarchy should dare
To take its root, and bud and blossom here;
Bearing such fruit, in discontent and hate,
And murd'rous madness that seeks but the great.

But for the heart that mourns its mate to-day,
In the fair prime of manhood swept away,
The gentle woman's heart that stands alone,
Words have no power to comfort or atone
For its great loss; but he who gives us breath
Can soften e'en the bitterness of death.

Alone she mourneth not, for, far and wide,
Sweeps on the wail of mourning, as a tide
At full o'erflowing, every boundary burst;
She hath this comfort — he was hers at first,
His country's afterward. And so at last,
He shall be hers again, all sorrow passed.

So bear him homeward, to his place of rest,
In the pure dignity he honored best;
And bend, Columbia, thy sun-kissed head
In meek submission o'er th' illustrious dead,
Remembering in thy sorrow, God hath might,
All things, in his good time, to flood with light.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

I KNOW not if thy fate were just,
Or if thy sins were so;
I only know, as dust to dust,
Thou drankest deep of woe:
An infant lay upon thy breast,
Was cradled in thy arms;
And if 'twas faithless — yet how blest
A soul with half thy charms.

My Sweetheart.

My sweetheart is young and tender,
My sweetheart is loyal and true,
As a sapling supple and slender,
With eyes of a nut-brown hue;
When I awake at the dawning,
He kisses away my fears,
And all through the busy morning
He lightens my ceaseless cares.

When the shadows of evening lengthen,
And the work of the day is done,
And I can refresh and strengthen,
I turn to my sunny one;
He never has failed to cheer me,
He never has failed to bless,
And I think that the angels are near me,
When I bend to his sweet caress.

He takes me by many a turning,
With smiles in his loving eye,
To the land of his tenderest yearning,
The wonderful bye and bye:

What we will have and what we will do,
As sure as we are alive,
You may smile, but then it is really so,
For my sweetheart is scarcely five!

Lines to a Shut-in.

I THINK of you, dear heart, at morn and night,
So patient and so strong, abiding still
In God's great goodness; and towards the light
Turning the soul, the mind, the heart, the will.

I think of you, dear soul, with thankful joy;
That God should deign to give a human heart,
All that is thine, despite old earth's alloy,
The hand of Martha, with meek Mary's part.

I think of you, dear heart, through busy hours,
When life is flowing over full for me;
And thinking, know, amid the thorns and flowers,
Life has bestowed a fadeless bloom for thee.

The Gospel of Health.

'Tis on me to preach a new gospel —
Print it in letters of gold,
Grave it on every heart-tablet,
A new, and yet 'tis the old;
Old as the dawn of creation,
When man was a true son of God;
New as the daylight of morning
That blesseth from tree-top to sod.
A gospel so glad and so joyous
That, were it the whole world's choice,
None would have reason to grumble,
And all of the earth would rejoice:
That waits for the sons of mortals,
As storm-clouds gather for rain;
That rich and poor, the high and the low,
If their will is good, may attain.
The Gospel of Health. Ah! listen,
It voices in every breeze;
It whispers o'er all creation,
It rustles in leafy trees;

You can hear it in every murmur
Of all things growing still,
You can take it and blossom and burgeon
For your very own, if you will.

'Tis laughter and joy and gladness,
'Tis heartease and sun and rain,
'Tis peace and comfort and life itself,
'Tis waving of ripening grain.
'Tis the golden star of life's morning,
'Tis the evening's restful glow —
Man's old-time heritage of health
That wisdom can bestow.

Who Knows?

Out of the darkness and night,
Out of the storm and the rain,
Who knows what a world of light,
May bloom to the day again?
Out of the sorrow and care;
Out of the wearying strife,
Here or there or elsewhere —
Who knows what may come to a life?

The Cemetery.

THERE'S a city built by the river's flow,
Whose streets no traffic or barter know;
A beautiful city of vale and hill
That is always calm, and peaceful, and still:
Where the hours are days and the days are years
Apart from all sorrow, and loss, and tears.

Each home has a resident, silent too,
Whose record was written long ago;
And now there is nothing to mar their rest
In the kindly care of dame Nature's breast;
Apart from all needless doubt and strife
They have laid down the burden that we call life.

There is nothing to make the strong heart sad;
There is much to be thankful for and glad;
For the many souls who have done life's best,
Are laid for a season in peaceful rest;
And the little graves of the children there
Tell but of the Gardener's loving care.

'Tis a growing city, for scarcely a day
But a new inhabitant comes its way;
With stately silence and solemn tread
They come to their own, the quiet dead,
Sure of a home in its peaceful rest,
Where naught of ill dare the ways molest.

And what do we need, O mortal, vain,
After the worry, the loss, the pain,
But the tender care of the Gardener there,
In the quiet vales of the otherwhere;
Content and happy to be at rest,
As a child asleep on its mother's breast?

Bill Nye's Neglected Grave.

(A FALSE REPORT,)

How he would joke! could he but know it now.
This man who made us laugh, when other men
Might have been glad to hide their sad disease,
And softly die. Not so our merry Bill.

I hold it true,
That he who brings a smile is greater than
The king upon his throne; deserving well
A monument indeed.

The Cemetery at Night.

HERE is no terror. O'er the placid graves
The mild moon sheds a soft, benignant glow,
Night after night — in wordless beauty laves
The seeds of life that lie so still below.

Some day I, too, may own a quiet home,
Apart from all dull care and useless strife;
And, far removed from every thought of gloom,
Within this borderland of death and life.

Peace lies alike on marble, swelling fair
Its beauty to the night: as where they lie —
The unforgotten poor; and here and there
Foldeth the little mounds with not a sigh.

So peaceful and so still! Oh! blessed sleep.
'Twere worth a journey long to rest at last,
Here, where no doubt or morbid shadows creep —
The pitfalls and the rocks forever past.

United.

September, 1865—1885.

SHE sleeps within an English grave,
Beyond the deep blue sea,
Where bright-eyed daisies gem the soil,
And scented violets be.

The grass grows green above her there,
The moss is on the stone,
The hoary oak is bending o'er—
She passed at early noon.

.

Another fills a new-made grave,
Dug by a stranger hand,
Far, far away from that one there,
In this fair, fertile land.

A wreath of bright immortelles cast,
A breath, a sigh, a groan.
Ah! Life and Death, how near thou art!—
He passed at highest noon.

.
An angel wears a crown of light;
Another's placid brow
Is graven clearly with a Name—
They are together now.

A Fragment.

THERE is so much that is grand in life,
So much that is good and true,
So much with a living beauty rife,
For me as well as for you.

So much to be seen on the outside,
So much that lies within —
By wind and sun, by storm and tide,
We gather the good grain in.

Well that we hold a thankful heart,
From care and envy free,
To smile, to labor and to part,
And let the turmoil be.

Easter Even.

I do not need to tell thee, Lord,
The failures of my life;
My comfort is, thou knowest all,
Along its lines of strife;
Nor need I wear thy tender heart
With life's recurring cares,
For blessed am I to know full well,
Thy two-fold being shares.

'Tis not for me to come to thee
With tales of want and sin;
Thy mighty heart in days gone by
Hath drunk earth's sorrow in:
And now, as nears the blessed day,
Of thy returning reign,
A happier theme be mine to sing,
Above all loss and pain.

Put It By.

If you have a constant sorrow,
 Weighing like a load of care,
Casting gloom to-day, to-morrow
 Leaving darkness everywhere;
Nurse it not with selfish sadness;
 Upward look with trustful eye;
Life has many a fount of gladness,
 Humbly, bravely put it by.

If you have a foe, embittered
 With the barb of envy's hate,
To an evil purpose pitted
 'Gainst you early, 'gainst you late;
Meet him not with self-same passion,
 Keep a clear, unclouded eye —
Golden rule of life will fashion
 Into beauty — put it by.

If you have a trouble eating
 At your heart strings day by day,
Do not waste your time in "greeting"
 O'er the chances slipped away;

From the hill-tops hope is calling,
Live with purpose great and high;
Shadows in the valley falling,
Leave them gladly — put it by.

If within your life behind you
You have made a sad mistake,
Do not let its blackness blind you
To the future you may make;
Other lives have erred before you;
Help for them is needed nigh —
Mantle of Heaven's love is o'er you —
What else would you? — Put it by.

TO W. B.

THE world may give us greater men,
With records just as fair,
Beyond our hope, beyond our ken,
But never one so dear.

My Neighbor's Light.

I do not know your name or face;
They both are strange to me;
And far apart our lives must be,
As "ships that pass at sea;"
But when the day is falling dim
Across my window pane,
And nature croons a vesper hymn
By breeze, or wind, or rain;

Adown the hill there comes to me
A streak of golden light,
From your low casement rightly set,
My every eve's delight;
It cheers me when I'm dreary,
It lifts me when I'm sad,
And when my heart is weary
It makes me well-nigh glad.

If you should pass away from here,
Or one day journey far,
And close the house, I cannot tell
How I should miss my star;

A star of comfort, meaning
So much of cheer to me,
So much of generous seeming,
Whate'er it is to thee.

To a Sick Friend.

God's mercy on your gentle heart,
And on your soul-lit eyes,
The hope and strength that never part,
This side the arching skies;
The blest assurance day by day
That grace to you is given,
Enough to keep you every way,
About the courts of heaven.

There is a vale, we know it well,
That borders on the tomb,
And yet to us who safely dwell,
It has no breath of gloom;
For bye and bye a day shall come
When life shall soar away,
And heart and voice no more be dumb
In God's most blessed day.

Hope.

SUGGESTED BY THE INTERIOR OF BILTMORE CHURCH,
(ALL SOUL'S.)

WHAT care I for time or space?
I'm an atom in life's race;
Stirred by every breeze that blows,
Left alone on trodden snows;
Pulsing low and beating high,
Ever 'tween the earth and sky.

What care I for space or time,
Summer's sun or winter's rime?
Things that come and things that go,
Joy and sadness, smiles and woe;
Song or sigh, 'tis all the same —
Here long whiles before I came.

What care I for time or space?
Once again I see life's face
Opening to a better day;
Trusting ever, come what may;
Knowing always, bye and bye,
Dawns a clear, unclouded sky.

A Reminder.

Do you remember the good old times,
 And the trestle we crossed at night,
When the preacher played the chaperon
 And kept us both in sight?
He tells me now 'twas the happiest time,
 With a smile on his gentle face,
But I think, my dear, in those halcyon days,
 We led him a merry chase.

Can you call to mind the mighty Web
 That he saved you from one night,
And the long, long walks on the highway,
 With the meetin' house in sight?
When the little Pine carried the lantern,
 Though the moon was shining bright,
And the wayside stumps were ghostly things,
 And our hearts were — oh! — so light!

I think sometimes he was truly shocked
 Though he carried it off so well,
And even now in these later days
 He will not ever tell.

Why, no! His heart is as true to-day
As it was when we were young,
And he passed with us on the golden way
The boys and girls among!

Answer to "Dawn in Russia."

WHAT boots religious freedom
To people who can slay,
And mutilate and desecrate,
As was done yesterday?
Who says the chains are filed apart
When deeds like these can be,
When Russia plays a demon's part
Beside a southern sea?

Why tell the scattered races,
To earth's remotest bound,
A rest amongst earth's places
The Muscovite has found?
Why blazon out the deadly shame
When rulers still deny,
In face of wrongs, too ill to name,
The victim's piteous cry?

At Rest.

UNDER the pines, in the shade, at rest,
Lies the strong heart that we call our own;
Long was the way and hard the quest,
But we shall know as we are known.

In the fair land that seems far away,
Tho' really 'tis near — at our very side —
Long has he trodden the blessed way,
Where peace and love must ever abide.

It seemed not to him a foreign shore
When he slipped away from our tightened hold;
There was one who had shortly gone before
Awaiting him there in those courts of gold.

The stream that he crossed was narrow and still,
No turbulent foe was there to hide,
With suspicion of loss or fear of ill,
The beauties that lay on the other side.

We trusted him then, and we leave him now
To the loving care of a Saviour strong,
The true, brave heart that could never bow
To aught of deceit or guile or wrong.

Home.

THE poorest home can a palace be
If the kingdom of love is there;
It matters not what the world may see —
Be the outside never so drear,
If within there dwelleth a loving heart,
A mind attuned to its sphere,
A soul that dwells not in joy apart,
But sheddeth its radiance there.

Costly treasures that gold can buy,
Bric-a-brac rich and rare,
Ne'er charm the heart or delight the eye
As a baby's well-worn chair;
Lovely paintings on frescoed walls,
The gems of art and the graces,
Fall far behind what never palls —
The sunshine of children's faces.

Beauty and wealth may envy now
The woman who stays at home,
With the crown of love on her gentle brow,
Above life's rush and gloom;

Aye! talent itself may bow to her
Who sits on a household's throne,
In her bosom content and peace astir —
The best of the world her own.

A Man and His Mother.

LINCOLN.

He stood at the head of a nation;
He was strong, he was true, he was brave;
And they said he had come at a crisis,
His people to honor and save;
But few of them looked behind it,
Nor do to this later day,
To the woman that mothered and gave him
His wonderful power to stay —
To stand in the face of conflict,
Of ills that thundered o'er him,
To hold and to trust, to bear and to strive —
As his mother had before him.

The Old Folks' Christmas.

THE old folks live in the country,
On a farm so hilly and bare,
'Tis a wonder to me how they ever raised
Such strapping young men there;
And one was born at the Christmas-tide,
One in the spring-time fair,
One in the days of harvest moon,
And one with the dying year.

They plowed and harrowed and hoed and grubbed,
Picked berries and did the chores,
And lived the life of the farmer's boy
In all the glad outdoors.
But the farm grew small to their eager eyes,
And the hills were a barrier passed,
So, one by one, till they all were gone,
They left the home at last.

Two in the city's busy stream
Are men of the world to-day;
One's a conductor on a train,
And one is a soldier gay;

But the old folks sit by the fireside,
Where the logs are burning bright,
And wish, with their thoughts unspoken,
That the boys were home to-night.

The turkey is stuffed to bursting,
That mother raised with care,
And guarded with jealous silence
Through all the busy year;
The chicken pie is a lovely brown,
And pumpkin pies are a sight;
And they wonder with thoughts unspoken,
"Will the boys be in to-night?"

One has a sweetheart young and fair,
One is too busy to-day,
One is away with Uncle Sam,
And one — there is nothing to say —
But the table is set, for each a place,
And the logs are burning bright,
And the old folks listen with eager face,
"Will the boys be home to-night?"

John O'Leary, Hero.

NEVER yet was sung by poet greater love than this
 you tell;
Never sped a braver spirit on the land or ocean
 swell,
Through the fate by love elected that O'Leary's life
 befell.

'Twas that day of dread disaster, June the fifth, in
 ninety-two,
When the fire and flood were raging and the air
 was filled with woe —
All the horror of twin demons madly raging to and
 fro.

Many lives in Oil Creek City, and the villages close
 by,
Were given up at call of duty when no human help
 was nigh;
Many more could only struggle in a vain attempt,
 and die.

There was flaming flood of water, there was raging
fire as well,

And it has been said by witness that the place was
like to hell,

In its weight of awful suffering, horrible to hear
and tell.

John O'Leary's widowed mother, helpless in her
chamber lay,

Worn and white-haired, sick and feeble, as she had
been many a day,

When the torrent of destruction met the town upon
its way.

John that fated Sabbath morning quietly at home
had stayed,

Talking to his mother doubtless of a certain sweet-
faced maid,

Who another week would greet him, in her bridal
robes arrayed.

When the raging flood descended vainly had he
tried to bear

To a place of greater safety that worn form he held
so dear,

Then he hastened to the doorway for the aid that
was not there.

To the hills one moment looked he, where, above
the rising din,

Safety, if he ventured singly, he might surely hope
to win,

For one moment, then he turned to the woman lone
within.

"Mother," said he, "we must perish, by the fire or
by the flood,

I have called in vain for succor, maybe none have
understood;

We can meet the end together; death is swift, and
God is good."

Looked she on him proudly, fondly, with no thought
of selfish fear,

"Son, the way is open for you, go at once and leave
me here,

Think of her who's waiting for you — how she
loves you — hasten, dear."

Knelt he softly by the bedside, as a child kneels
down to pray,

With the mother-love beside him that he was to
crown that day,

And a look on his young face showing his resolve
to stay.

Thus they found them when the sunshine beamed
 upon another day,
Blackened, charred beyond remembrance, one beside
 the other lay,
Where he knelt with hands uplifted, even as they
 passed away.

Love is strong to men and maidens — mother-love
 is stronger still;
By its power to give and suffer — all its beauty to
 fulfill,
But this love of John O'Leary savors of divinest
 will.

Whittier's Sonnets.

It is as if a soul had passed within
The holiest of holies, bearing forth
The wine of life for thirsty souls without;
As wine is given in cups, — these sonnets rare
Fulfill the need of many a wayworn heart.

Taxing the Bachelors.

TAX them, dear heroes, one and all,
Who shy from the married state,
But while you are snaring the wary bird,
Be sure you capture the mate!

For never a Jack but has his Jill,
Whatever the skeptics say;
And once in a while there may be a will
With never the ghost of a way!

Tax them — by all means — one and all,
Who shy from our state to-day,
With another tax and a big one, too,
On the fair maidens gay.

Who fill the places of backward men,
In gown and tie and curl —
It is really the same, for who is to blame
But this brand new bachelor girl?

Funeral of Queen Victoria.

FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

BRING forth! bring forth! the saintly Queen,
And, guards, keep watch above her,
That to the world it may be seen
How much her people love her;
Fire a salute — no guns be mute —
This sovereign's meed of honor,
Is human love, all ken above,
A cloth of gold upon her.

The stately ship that bears her on,
Beyond all human waking,
The silent fleets that wait upon
The solemn undertaking:
The mighty crowds in dark array
That silently uncover,
Attest each footstep of the way,
How much her people love her.

The naval pomp and grand display,
And military splendor.

The kings and princes of the day,
 Who solemnly attend her;
The serried ranks of soldiers true,
 That mutely bend above her,
Civilians, nobles, "boys in blue,"
 How much her people love her!

'Tis not the Queen alone we mourn,
 For vain is sovereign splendor;
Far greater to the grave is borne,
 The woman pure and tender;
A mother-heart that through long years,
 Her people's weal hath cherished,
Through storms and conflicts, hopes and fears,
 With her forever perished.

Twain's Christendom.

[The Red Cross Society held a chain of watch-meetings throughout the country, and greetings from prominent people were asked for, to be read on these occasions. This is what Mark Twain wrote: "I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raid in Kiao-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle and her mouth full of pious hypocries. Give her soap and a towel, but hide the looking-glass.—*From The Citizen.*]

A STately matron, see her come,
To greet the century new,
Her garments white in sorry plight,
All stained with crimson hue;
Her sandals gold that shone of old,
Now foul with many a smear,
From foot to crown, all up and down
Besprinkled here and there.

What ails that brow, so regal once,
So pure and chaste of yore?
The matted ringlets now are clogged
Alas! with human gore,

The hands, so free to give and serve,
Are hardened now with gold;
The face, once fair, an angel there
Could scarcely good behold.

Where has she been, the stately queen,
Since love first gave her birth?
Afair and near, with pitying ear,
To corners of the earth;
And just of late — oh! shameless fate!
Her garments in the dust
The saintly queen with regal mien
Has stooped to gold and lust.

For power and place a goodly race
She runs with other kings,
Tramples to earth with savage mirth
A score of better things.
Come! Give her place! This Christendom
The Saviour never knew;
With all her stain, she may again
Her purity renew.

The Building of Zion.

We read in the Bible story
Of Solomon's temple fair,
Built to Jehovah's glory —
No sound of the hammer there;
But far from the place of building
Each beautiful piece was wrought,
The stone, and the wood, and the gilding,
And then to the temple brought.

From the splendor of early morning
The echoless work went on,
Till twilight's lengthened warning
Told that the day was gone:
Slowly and surely the temple grew
Into its beautiful whole,
And none of its sacred precincts knew
The sound of the workman's tool.

And now in the land of peace untold
A city's walls appear,
Grandeur than Solomon's fane of old —
Beyond all knowledge fair:

They are building the houses of polished stone,
Of beaten gold the ways,
And all through the width of its wondrous zone
Sparkle the jewel's rays.

Somewhere in the heart of the world below,
In the midst of its ceaseless din,
Surrounded by wickedness and woe,
By suffering and by sin,
Beautiful stones are being prepared,
With patient labor and skill,
No toil is grudged and no pain is spared
For the niche that they have to fill.

There, in the hospital's sunny ward,
The couch of pain upon,
Where labor and skill again are stored,
The silent work goes on;
Beautiful rubies are brought to view,
And pearls that are chaste and fair,
By keenest pain that the worker knew,
By days and nights of care.

Far out in the wilds of heathen lands
Low is the timber laid,

By workers who toil with patient hands
And faith that is undismayed:
Somewhere in the country's stillest life,
By Nature's sheeny fold,
Where earth seems free of care and strife,
They are working the beaten gold.

And ever and always, day by day,
The beautiful work goes on;
The builder moveth the blocks away
That his seal is set upon:
Jewels and gold, iron and stone,
Meet for the City Fair —
Wonderful truth — each one alone
The gem of his soul must prepare.

The Men of Caister.

[An incident of the sea that occurred November 14, 1901, off the coast of Norfolk, England. At the news of this disaster, England contributed twelve thousand five hundred pounds for the widows and orphans, and the nine brave men rest in one grave by the village church, where a beautiful memorial window has been placed.]

SLEPT in their beds they lay that night, brave men,
one and all;

Twelve strong men of the life-boat crew, ready at
duty's call,

To "up and away" if need be, to breast the wind
and the wave,

In daring effort, though futile, the hapless lost to
save.

Fair glows the sunshine
On Caister beach to-day,
While the cruel ocean
Ripples in its play.

Grim and silent and ominous hangeth the warning
bell,

Many a time it has startled the hamlet fair with its
knell,

Many a time it has clashed, over the waters wide,
Calling men to their places, whatever may betide.

Turn in your beds, O seamen! what meaneth the
wife's low prayer?

The children are sleeping soundly — who heedeth
the mother's fear?

List, oh! list to the tempest and the dash of the
treacherous wave;

God pity the mariner out to-night — pity, and hear,
and save.

Brightly glows the sunshine
On Caister beach at morn.
Alas! what brings the ocean,
Rudely, swiftly borne?

Did ye not hear it, mother — the bell and the boom-
ing gun?

Another ship on the Berber sands her last long
course has run;

Hasten, oh! hasten, seamen, hurrying down to the
beach;

Maybe the Lord will have mercy — hark to the
tempest's screech!

"Pull again, my hearties! We must launch her safely now" —

The men are soaked by the freezing spray, tho' wet with sweat the brow;

Two long hours a-battling with the wind and the wave that night,

Ere the boat was out on the water, with her oars and crew all right.

Yet brightly glows the sunshine

On Caister beach to-day,

While ship and wave and fishing boat

Pass gaily on their way.

"A long pull and a strong pull! Ye! ho! for the heaving sea!

"Steady, my lads," and "steady — the light on the doomed ship see."

At length they reached the vessel; no living soul was there —

Some other hands had saved them — so home, for the way is clear.

A long pull and a strong pull. O anxious hearts ashore,

Bitter the sting of the blinding spray — ye cannot see them more.

Never a cry o'er the water! — a wave and the boat
was gone —

Her keel to the lashing tempest — the twelve strong
men upon.

Dive if ye can, O seamen, out from your well known
tomb,

Fighting for life in the water, breasting the inky
gloom;

Three out of twelve are landed; drag them in from
the brine —

Look out! look out, O mothers — mothers and
wives — for the nine!

Sparkles clear the ocean

O'er Caister beach to-day,

One wide grave must hold them

Till the judgment day.

What Matters?

WHAT matters all this pomp and pride,
These gorgeous pageants and display?
Beside the man who nobly died
 'Tis but the mist of yesterday.
One lives upon the hearts of men
 In golden letters graven deep,
The other sinks beyond earth's ken
 Into oblivion's fitting sleep.

The wealth that dares to flaunt its shame,
 And stir its pits of reeking lust,
Beside the awful doom of flame,
 Before the nation's honored dust,
Shall meet at length its just reward —
 Has met it in the ages past,
When Gallic mob and heathen horde
 Spread desolation wide and vast.

The man who sweats to earn his bread,
 And eats it with a thankful heart,
Though coarse of garb and rough of tread,
 Playeth still a nobler part

Than he who millions may control,
Yet never stooped to earn a cent,
With carnal pleasure for his goal,
Solely on sin and folly bent.

The woman who, with modest eye,
And heart attuned to purest worth,
Tho' be her station low or high,
Of sovereign or of peasant birth,
Weareth a crown gold cannot buy,
Neither can rank bestow,
Whose beauty cannot fade or die,
Nor time nor change can know.

God's mercy on the land that holds
A million names of wealth and pride,
Heedless of him who builds and moulds,
Whom men have named "The Crucified."
Before His pity bending low,
Let saint and sinner humbly pray,
Ere rich and poor alike shall know
The doom of nations passed away.

The Sweetest Thing on Earth.

He stays with us. He made his home
 With us some time ago;
We know not if our ways are best
 For him, and yet we do —
Or try to, all that in us lies,
 To ease the untried way
That his small feet must travel o'er,
 If he should with us stay.

His ways are not like ours. He seems
 A being from above,
So full of life and joy is he,
 Of happiness and love.
And we? — We sometimes pause to play
 A merry game with him,
Until we stop and run away —
 Our eyes grown strangely dim.

He cannot talk. He says some things
 We fail to understand;
They may be memories from the shores
 Of some far better land.

They sound so sweet!— we often list
The notes that come and go,
Like whisperings of a bird at play,
Warbling to and fro.

He may not stay so very long,
His home is in the skies,
And yet, when he is sound asleep,
And the fair body lies
As if the angel Death were near
To bear the child away,
With earnest hearts and thankful soul,
We bend our knees and pray:

Not for his life: 'tis his, to keep
As God hath to him given,
But for all strength and patience that
Our ways may tend to heaven;
And when we see the roguish smile
He greets us with at morn,
We feel as if the world to us
Were very like new born.

And all day long that radiant joy
Abideth with us still,

That God has thought so much of us
This rare thing to fulfill;
So wonder you our cup is full
Unto the very brim,
And, "sweetest thing on earth," we pledge
Our lives to work for him.

Encouragement.

Be strong, faint heart: for strength is born of
trouble;

And all these rocks and pitfalls by the way,
And stony hillsides, will repay thee double,
In strength and patience, at a future day.

Be strong, faint heart: nor falter at the dim
And dark recesses that lie right ahead:
Bank on thy courage. Ere the vesper hymn
Thou shalt acknowledge 'twas divinely led.

Be strong, faint heart. What though the world apart
Holds thee a stranger and an alien here!
Ere long thou shalt stand surely heart to heart
With kindred souls who hold thy valor dear.

To Whom it may Concern.

HAVE done, have done! Enough of care and worry!
Enough of all this striving after self;
More than enough of all this stir and hurry,
Of ceaseless reaching after place and pelf.

Let us go back, with step serene and stately,
Unto the guerdons our forefathers culled —
That we have lost our hold of, somehow, lately,
By stress of living or by care annulled.

Let us take time for all the tender graces
That glow with benison in holy writ,
And oftener turn our feet to sacred places,
Where priest and prophet in their wisdom sit.

We shall gain more of what life has to give us,
If we can pause and listen by the way,
To all the voices by us that outlive us —
So much, to souls attuned, they have to say.

Let us remember, 'ere the past can blight us,
With all its bitterness of stern array,
That there are beauties lying closely by us,
Along the common pathway of to-day.

What is more fruitful than a friendship tried,
And tested till it stands apart from all —
Unto no time or distance ever tied —
That never can dishearten, trifle, pall?

What is more beautiful than love so tender
Of mother and of child, father and son;
And the rare reverence that love can render,
Ere the great change that draws to every one?

There is a Friendship that surpasses life,
Each heart can take unto itself that will;
That lives above our petty cares and strife,
And all the soul's deep yearning can fulfill.

Lenten Verse.

WHEN eventide is stealing down
O'er country-side and busy town;
When daylight lingers in the west,
With sky in sunset raiment drest,
O gentle Saviour, bending low,
The frailties of thy brothers know.

As thou didst wear in days gone by,
The form of man 'neath Judea's sky,
Didst pass along life's dusty road,
Burdened with more than mortal load,
Didst toil and suffer, needing rest,
Footsore and weary and oppressed.

As thou didst bear the sins of all,
And drink the cup of bitterest gall;
Didst tread the awful gulf alone,
No light e'en from thy Father's throne,
Thy human life a ransom given
For every sinner under heaven.

Thus, Saviour, at the close of day,
When sins and frailties on us lay,
We bring our burden great to thee,
Believing thou canst set us free;
And pleading through thy wondrous love,
A portion of thy peace above.

Words.

SOMETIMES I wonder if the tongues that wound,
With words as cruel as a surgeon's knife,
Could only taste the bitterness they give,
How sweeter far would be our daily life.

Words are such little things! and yet they tend
To make or mar the joy of every day;
And somewhere, it is said, towards the end
We shall be justified or damned by what we say!

To an Old Lady.

WHAT have you done in all your life behind you,
That thus you should be slighted every day?
When all the scanty links that here must bind you,
Are slipping, and have slipped so swift away?

You are so like a child, yet more than child,
With adolescence of the years to be,
And eyes that look so way-worn and so mild —
My heart goes out to dear ones such as thee.

For I shall come, if God will honor me
With length of years to learn my lesson in,
Unto thy stage of beauty, passing free
From much of earth's old raiment, misnamed sin.

And I shall learn, as thou hast learnt so well,
The great life lesson that so few can get,
Of the diviner being as we dwell
Above our losses and our care and fret:

That gives a wondrous beauty to the light,
Shining from faded eyes so soft to-day,
Crowning as with a sun-crown burnished bright,
Those hours that pass so swiftly now away.

It is the halo of a life well spent,
Of prayer and praise and good deeds softly done;
A beauty from the coming day dawn, lent
Just for a season, of the life begun.

Not Death.

This is not death! — this sleep that fell to-day,
Sweeping all traces of earth's mar away;
Stilling the weary heart, the restless brain,
That beat and throbbed so long in one refrain;
Closing the tired eyes, easing the frame,
Call it not Death! It is too harsh a name.
But rather Sleep — sleep for the raiment here,
And for the deathless soul new birth o'er there —
There, where the colors brighten of the day,
And a faint streak of dawning comes this way.

Patience and Strength.

LET us have patience for the little feet
That are so small, they falter every day;
Often our own will stumble, and we fail
To keep at times the straight and narrow way.

And as the tiny hands that strive so much
To serve us, in their striving oft undo,
It may be that the Father of us all
Finds our best efforts futile as we go.

Let us have patience for the little hearts
That love so much; their loving makes them
mar
The blessings that they bring! Would we were free
From guile aforethought, even as they are.

And for the minds that open as, at morn,
A bud will open to the beautiful light;
Knowing as little of the day before,
And seeing but the glad earth smiling bright.

And strength we need to guide and guard and hold,
 These priceless jewels to our keeping given;
Where shall we find it? On our knees alone,
 Just for the asking, a good gift from heaven.

Not strength of mind or heart or soul alone,
 But strength of body — a pure will enshrined
In a garb free from every earthly ill —
 Vigor fourfold, most happily combined.

The Birds.

THE birds were man's first neighbors. I have stood
At earliest dawning in a quiet wood,
And listened with a glad and rapt surprise
Unto an anthem that awoke the skies.

At first a twittering, wondrous faint and sweet,
As if each voice feared almost to repeat
The melody so low; and then again,
Until the air pulsated with the strain.

Toleration.

TO JAS. E. NORTON, ESQ.

I LIKE this toleration,
This word of meaning vast;
'Twill hold its own and flourish
When other words have passed;
It means so much of kindness
To human kith and kin,
So much of generous blindness,
Where others see but sin.

The smoothing of hard places
Where feet are fain to fall;
The polishing of graces
Where grime lies over all.
The sifting of the finer dust
Of human thought and deed,
The gentle "may" in place of "must,"
The thought for other's need.

God grant us in his bounty
A sinecure of this,
To ease the old earth's burden,
To speed the day of bliss;

To teach the coming races,
As kingdoms rise and fall,
That grander than earth's places
Love reigneth over all.

A Lost Love.

MAX mourns above the mighty dead,
And woman, o'er the bier,
With bitter sighs and bended head
Sheddeth the scalding tear;
But who shall tell when angels weep,
What cruel grief must flow
From woman's breast and man's strong heart,
When love is dead below?

Oh! ye to whom on earth is given
A friendship strong and true,
Remember oft that under heaven
The priceless comes to you:
How dread the day must be when love,
Awhile by angels fanned,
Must drop apart, a broken thing,
Despised, and barred, and banned.

Lines on the Receipt of a Nurse's Photograph.

A STRONG sweet face of womanhood nature,
With eyes downcast to match the modest mien,
And hair surmounted by the neatest cap
That ever tried to hide its glossy sheen.

A snow-white kerchief meeting at the breast,
An apron white, and wide from side to hem,
A slender form in simple raiment drest,
And that small cap a sovereign's diadem!

A strong and supple, yet a slender hand,
Well trained in all a nurse's tender skill;
With feet that lightly hasten at command,
And when quiescent can be wholly still.

A heart compassionate for others' pain,
Yet holds emotion as an afterthought;
And labors not alone for selfish gain;
A mind well poised and but in part self-taught.

A happy soul that has not clipt its wings
To grovel in the clinging sands of earth;
But while in duty wrapped in mundane things,
Gilds them with glamor of its glorious birth.

A White Day.

A DAY on which no conscious sin
Has set its withering blight,
Nor foe without, nor strife within,
From dawning until night:
A day with honest labor filled,
And time to rest, or turn
From grave to gay; and, if so willed,
Some lesson rare to learn.

A chance to lift a weary heart,
Where sin and sorrow meet,
To move the tangles wide apart
About some little feet;
To lay a salve of kindness on
A wound that else were sore;
To love, and, loving, smile upon
The dear ones so much more.

A New Country.

I AM coming to my kingdom,

Step by step, and every day;

Such a glad and glorious country,

Brightening all the uphill way:

Every untold deed of kindness,

Every word of meaning fair,

Every thought of holy beauty,

Brings me nearer and more near.

You are coming to your kingdom —

Such a land of pure delight,

That you wake and think about it,

In the wee sma' hours of night;

Such a country, pure and healthy,

Where the golden moments flow,

And the soul has full control

Of our happiness below.

She is coming to her kingdom,

By the swift and gentle tread,

By the touch so softly helpful,

By the speech so oft unsaid.

Would you know this wondrous country,
Where all hard contentions cease?
One who sayeth nothing vainly
Long ago has named it — Peace.

Prosperity.

FINE is he who can hold his head
When the waves of trouble roll,
A victor o'er the vanquished led,
A pure undaunted soul,
When, bending like a mighty tree,
Before the strengthening blast,
Serene he standeth, true and free,
Though shattered at the last.

But finer still, and yet more rare,
The man who keeps his head,
When all of life is gay and fair,
By joy and wealth bestead:
Why! he is like a soldier bold,
Who stands within the fray,
With grip obeying, iron hold,
Yet never fights that day.

Words of Cheer.

COURAGE, faint heart! the path may seem to thee —
To thy weak footsteps, stumbling every day —
Rough as the roughest, hardest yet to be;
But Faith and Hope discern the safer way.

Courage, faint heart! — and courage yet again!
The Ruler of the universe can lend
Thee strength and patience, and thou mayst attain
To peace and blessing that shall know no end.

Think for a moment. All the trees that grow
Upon the sunny slopes can never make
The strong, tough timbers that the builders know
Have felt the northern blast, the ice-king's quake.

Then turn thee to the storm with kindling eye,
Thankful thou art upon the northern side;
Able to prove that truth can never die,
With trust in Heaven, thy unfailing guide!

Faithless Work.

We read of the terrible mishap —
The wreck of a passenger train;
A vessel sunk in mid-ocean —
Horrors of death and pain;
A dam that broke and o'rflooded
The valley, smiling and fair,
And hurried to death's destruction
Thousands of people there.

The wreck on the rail and the ocean,
The ruin in the vale once fair,
Exhibit brave human devotion,
Mid fright, and death, and despair;
But the cruel fire and the merciless wave
Have no pity for human pain,
And we wonder that Providence could,
To avert the disaster, refrain.

.

A workman at toil in the foundry,
Where the molten iron is hot,

In spite of the test and the danger,
Misses a little spot;
The dam that was built so strongly
Has only an inch that's weak —
Ah! but in world-heard disaster,
Faithless work will speak!

TO - A. M. C.

BIRD of passage, whence away?
What has come to you to-day?
Smiles and words and laughter, quite
Beyond my own poor mortal sight.

BIRD of passage, whither bound?
Tell me now what treasure found?
What surcease has come to you —
Something grand, and good, and new?

BIRD of passage, tell me why
Always shines your widening sky?
How you gather on the wing
Sweets and joy from everything?

The Right Kind of Boy.

It was upon the railroad a sultry summer's day,
The cars were hot and crowded, and weary was the
way,

And I grew tired of watching the scen'ry flitting by,
When there, some seats ahead of me, a something
caught my eye.

A tall, strong youth was bending above a little head,
And smiling as he whisper'd — 'twas something
sweet he said;

I could not see the lady's face — I knew it must be
fair,

I pictur'd it most lovely — they were a bridal pair.

The down was on his upper lip, the curling chestnut
hair,

The sweet protecting tenderness in which he hover'd
there,

And she so still and nestling, as though the world
held naught,

Beyond her proud companion, as worthy of a
thought.

And so I leaned back in my seat and watched the
happy pair,

And speculated on their lot, whence were they bound
and where?

What would the future bring for them? How much
of pain or joy?

And what their first? — a rosy girl, or hap, a bounce-
ing boy?

And my past love came back to me, that long had
taken wings,

And more than once that summer day, I blessed the
sweet young things.

He was an ideal bridegroom, stranger to sin and
care,

And she a dove of gentleness, so fondly nestling
there.

He brought her ice-cold water, oranges and books,

And pointed out, I really thought, the most love-
shaded nooks.

But never did I catch a glimpse of her bewitching
face;

I only saw the bonnet neat worn with such modest
grace.

At length I reached my journey's end, and 'mid the
 crowd outside,
I gained a post of vantage to see this fair young
 bride,
I saw his head above them all, and slowly walked
 he by,
And as I mark'd the lady's face, a something dimm'd
 my eye.

A sweet, sweet face, indeed, it was — her hand was
 on his arm,
But youth, and youth's fresh beauty were not its
 fadeless charm,
"God bless that boy!" I whispered, "unto his dying
 day!"
Her face was fair with mother's pride, and lo! her
 hair was grey!

Sister Jackson's Prayer.

It was a colored meeting, where the brethren
groaned in prayer,

And the air was odorous with the many perfumes
there,

For the dusky maidens thronging brought their
beaux in starch bedight,

And the colors of their headgear made a strange and
fearsome sight.

Long I looked upon the throng, the meeting crowded
to the walls,

While the stifling air resounded with the groans, and
sobs, and calls;

Many faces bore a semblance — let us say grotesque
to me —

While the white hair of the elders was a passing
sight to see.

There were figures bent with labor, aunties with
their turbans gay,

And their hands all hard and knotty, telling of the
rocky way

Those old souls had trod to glory — now and then
one lifts a prayer,
As I stood and waited vainly for the light of reason
there.

Shouts, and groans, and benedictions, rose and fell
in ceaseless strain;
“Glory! Glory! Lord have mercy!” cried the
preacher o’er again.
Then a hush of wondrous silence lay upon the meet-
ing dim,
And I listened for the singing of some old revival
hymn.

But a cracked voice, weak and trembling, drew unto
the mercy seat,
And the words came fast and tumbling, like a wild
downpour of sleet;
Metaphors and similes many, prayers and thanks for
mercy found,
Finishing with “Lord Almighty, place our feet on
higher ground.”

Such a prayer, and such an ending! — passed I out
into the night,
Where the clouds were hurrying swiftly — mists
had long obscured my sight —

Such a prayer and such an ending! — many times
myself I found
Saying o'er and o'er, "Almighty, place our feet on
higher ground."

Enough.

A KINGLY portion is enough,
Whatever it may be,
The simplest fare on table rough,
Of root or herb or tree.

The richest viands can but pall,
Though served on silverware,
And God has given alike to all
His widest bounty here.

And he who takes the very least,
And lets contentment shine,
'Tis better than a royal feast
Washed down with ruby wine.

So let the better pass us by
On life's absorbing tide,
If we have but this grand enough
And not one cent beside.

The Sorrowful Star.

SUGGESTED BY MARIE CORELLI'S "ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS."

FAR-FLUNG in the depth of space it lies,
The tiniest speck to celestial eyes;
Yet ever upon its melting snows
The blessed light of the universe glows.

Thousands of æons have passed away
Since the light awakened its natal day;
Thousands of æons yet may be
Ere the end will come in eternity.

But a mist lies over this wayward star,
Till even the angels gaze afar,
And wonder, if ever the light will be
More radiant still that they may see:

May see the wherefore of errors wide,
That darken it oft like a flooding tide;
May understand why the Master's will
Is never enough the whole to fill.

But ever and always the sad star sways —
Darkness its night and blackness its days;
And ever and always the angels come
With hands that are busy and lips that are dumb.

They sigh over wastes where the mortals bow
To the gods that they make — so vigorous now —
They weep over deserts where life-blood runs,
Folding their wings to a myriad suns.

For why? There are gardens where love has lent
Its richest and best in the firmament;
Where holier beings work and learn
Of life's unknown and of life's return.

Just a little while in the time passed by,
For they count not years in the upper sky —
One came from the land where the light is shed,
Exchanging His birthright for earthly bread.

And so it is that the sorrowful star
Still glows in the light as it sways afar:
And the still ones bend with their healing touch —
Sorrowing often, yet loving much.

Rain in the Street.

THE dust lies thick where weary horses tread;
The few shy dogs droop a be-collared head;
The sparrows chatter as they always do;
And chickens gape as if in stress of woe!
The small boy raises sand in a double sense,
And if in curls — oh! come, let us go hence.

A breeze, a wind, a cloud of clouds o'er all,
And a low murmur — heavy drops that fall;
The horses sniff the air, the chickens run
Swiftly to shelter — and the fun's begun —
Come, hustle in the goods, languor is past,
Here's rain, and rain in plenty, at the last.

You cannot hold the boy — you need not try —
He, like the horses, smells the rain cloud nigh;
What joy to tear — no other word will do —
Adown the pattering rain; yell as you go!
The rain has come in plenty, gardens lay
Weighted with moisture on this blessed day.

A Word for the Sparrow.

SEE the little English sparrow,
 With his coat of brown and grey;
He's a fussy little fellow,
 Chattering the livelong day.
While the housewife lifts in horror
 Hands that wield the patient broom —
Nothing cares he for the litter
 As he builds his cosy home.

Mark the little English sparrow,
 With his chatter all the day.
Lonely was the land and dreary
 Ere they brought him out this way;
Never houses decked the landscape,
 Schools and temples — not a one —
Lonely was the land and dreary
 Ere his litter was begun.

Oh! the little English sparrow
 Crossing o'er the waters blue;
Daring was the hand that brought him,
 Nothing of his future knew;

How he must have cheered the settler
Coming from old England's shore!
See the busy little fellow
Fussing, fighting on before.

Oh! the naughty English sparrow,
See him build his nest so high
In the ivy on the churches
'Neath the eaves so closely by:
How I love the little fellow,
With his cheery, homely ways;
Coming to the very doorstep,
Helping out the darkest days.

Servia's New Dynasty.

FOUNDED in blood — what can the outcome be? —
History repeats itself; and we may see
That human life, so taken, can but spread
Woe to the living — pity for the dead.

A Lesson in Floods.

Hew down the lordly forests,
And lay the giants low;
Root out the tangled undergrowth
That all the world may know —
What matters half a million
Of human lives or so?
When mighty dollars can be made,
Who cares for death and woe?

Depopulate the forests
Of every living thing.
Note how they tremble when they hear
The hard metallic ring,
That tells them trees are falling
With many a cherished home;
When golden barter calleth
Who heeds the cruel doom?

Denude the hills of timber,
Lay bare the ice-cold spring,
Girdle the water-course with stumps
And see what greed must bring —

Flood after flood uprooting
What man has held so dear —
The awful penalty of sin,
Disaster far and near.

A Saving Grace.

THERE'S a grace that's very common,
And yet 'tis wondrous wise,
Bestowed on happy mortals
In many a wayward guise;
It easeth heavy burdens,
And lifts the load of care,
And sheds on darkest places
A golden beam of cheer.

'Tis far removed from error
As earth from sky above;
Indeed, I think 'twas lent us
In very wisest love;
And woe betide the mortal
Who passes on his way
Without this grace of humor
To ease the busy day.

“Vote as You Pray.”

“Thy kingdom come!” — across the years,
With all their weight of blood and tears,
With all their misery untold,
The darkness and the bitter cold,
These creatures of thy name and birth
Have prayed, “Thy kingdom come on earth.”

With prayer on lip and hand on sword,
With ball and gun and scathing word,
Across the wakening world to-day
They fight and scorn, they kneel and pray,
“Thy kingdom come!” — Oh! prayer divine,
The travesty of man is thine.

“Thy kingdom come” — where Jesus reigns
And the dread cross his weight sustains;
Where Christians throng the ways to prayer.
The bitterness of death is there,
And Satan laughs with honest mirth
To see his agents rule the earth!

Sunshine and Shadow.

SUNSHINE and shadow 'mid primeval trees —

A soothing murmur of sweet whisperings,
As if all Nature drew her wealth to these —
Her dearest and her best of growing things.

Sunshine and shadow in the woods to-day,
And in my heart the shadow — yours the shine;
To-morrow it may be you bear the grey,
And all the beauty of the hour be mine.

Sunshine and shadow in the woods at morn,
A beauty past the telling — to be seen —
Of all things pure and radiant, meekly borne,
And wonders in the glimpses cast between.

Sunshine and shadow in the woods at noon —
Ah! here, indeed, has earth and heaven met;
Such flickering shadow! it were scarce a boon,
To meet fulfilment of its welfare yet.

Sunshine and shadow in the woods at eve —
Be still, my soul, and drink earth's beauty in —
How blest a beauty it is to believe
Earth holds so much apart from woe and sin.

The Land of Make-Believe.

COME with me on a trip to-day

 In the gay old Pullman of thought ;

The world holds never a richer way

 By money or life-blood bought ;

Never a stain on the beautiful plain

 You see through the arching trees,

And never a moan or a pitiful groan

 Borne on the balmy breeze.

Dispense with all traps, all lunches and wraps,

 For the people you meet on the way

Will be more than glad, for they never are sad.

 To furnish you free of pay :

Jolly and free will these strange folk be,

 Of care and worry bereft,

And all the time, in the happiest rhyme,

 Sunshine right and left.

You never will know that the cold winds blow,

 For all will be cheery there,

And the blessed shade in the quiet glade

 Will stay with you everywhere ;

And thoughts, like flowers, will brighten the
 hours
 Through many a happy day,
For thoughts are life, and with wisdom rife,
 Must always with us stay.

TO E. R. B.

My brown-eyed beauty, sweet and fair,
 A birthday wish for you,
While hopes are bright and skies are clear,
 And all things fair and new.

A happy heart, a helping hand,
 While joyous youth shall last;
And, better still, a firmer stand
 When youth's glad day has passed.

For this, dear girl, you learn to-day,
 To-morrow you shall find,
The best of learning on your way,
 Is to be true and kind.

Next to Nothing.

Just a little friendship
All along the way,
Just a little cheering
On a cloudy day.

Just a little kindness,
When the heart is sore,
How it lights the pathway,
Darkening on before!

Just a few excuses
When we fail to find
Friend or kin or neighbor
Always to our mind.

Just a little blindness
When the children play —
'Tis something more than kindness
Every common day.

A Universal Prayer.

For all who near thy throne to-day,
The glad, indifferent, and gay,
The votaries of pleasure's sway —
Thy mercy, Lord.

By flood and accident and fire,
By evils of the world's desire,
By lust and greed and demon's ire —
Thy mercy, Lord.

The fickle-minded and the grave,
Approaching Thee by wind and wave,
By storm-clad terror, yawning grave —
Thy mercy, Lord.

The children playing in the sun,
The hardened sinners; every one,
Whose life within the day is done —
Thy mercy, Lord.

The women fair who sit at ease,
The mothers striving hard to please,
The men who give their toil for these —
Thy mercy, Lord.

For all the blood-bought souls who stray
By varied ways to thee to-day,
Bend low thy soothing power, we pray —
Thy mercy, Lord.

To the St. Barnabas Guild of Nurses.

DAUGHTERS of consolation, ye hold a place to-day,
Unique in power and beauty upon the widening
way;
The voice of prophecy has bent its echoing note o'er
you;
Heaven grant you strength unto your trust to be
forever true.

The Editor.

I SOUGHT the editor in his den,
With many a trembling fear,
"A perfect poem is a feast," I said,
And the hash you serve up here —

Syntax and reason are quite dethroned,
Rhythm and rhyme are gone,
And I with shame distracted —
"Not a foot to stand upon!"

I found him a gentle-mannered man,
With even a kink to his hair;
But my voice was sad and its tones were low —
And I had a right to swear!

The editor looked at his pen a while,
And he heaved a dolorous sigh.
"I cannot help it at all," he said,
"For 'the devil' mixed the pi."

The Spirit of the Hills.

THERE breathes a spirit from the mighty hills,
That rear their bosoms to the arching sky,
That stirs, and throbs, and palpitates and thrills,
And lifts a note, like angel's voice on high.

Earth will not heed it, for the race of men
Is noisy, clamorous for the world's unrest;
And so beyond, above our mortal ken,
It makes its habitation with the blest.

Yet some there are, pure, gentle hearts and mild,
To whom it breathes a benison most sweet:
The hard world's victim and strong Nature's child,
Who turn to list with not unwilling feet.

To such, and such alone, a low, sweet voice
Bids us be patient, for the best is near,
And tells us in our patience to rejoice,
For earth has much of good-will and of cheer.

Of kindness deep to all within our ken,
For many hearts are burdened by the way,
And many break and die, or fall, and then,
More hopeless still, when lost and gone astray.

The Spirit of the Hills is boundless love,
To friend and foe, from God to mankind given,
That yet shall mountains of men's raising move,
And make our earth an Eden nearer heaven.

Pray thou for this. All other things put by,
And life for thee shall be a passage sweet —
Whatever storms assail the haven nigh —
A blessed welcome thy faint heart shall greet.

Education.

EDUCATION is to the man what the fallow ground
is to the grain;
And to the woman it means release from sorrow
and pain.

The Building of a Home.

I WATCHED a wee bird build a nest
Upon a swaying limb;
'Twas far beyond the robber's quest,
In leafy covert dim.

She chose the spot with wondrous care,
She eyed it in and out;
She flew around, now here, now there,
Above and all about.

At length she rested, satisfied,
Then called her mate to view,
And there they nestled side by side,
As lovers fond and true.

They wasted not a summer hour
Ere downward did they fly,
And to the utmost of their power
They searched both low and high.

They took some rootlets, long and fine,
And slyly stole some thread,
Some horsehair, feathers and some twine
To build that home o'erhead.

A little moss, all clean and dry,
They gathered at the last;
No eye could see, it was so high,
What mould that home was cast.

It must have been a perfect nest
When it was fully done;
And, by their labor, they could rest
At welcome set of sun.

What is Worth While.

As we lose the fever and folly
That men have miscalled youth,
There is nothing that counts but goodness,
And nothing worth telling but truth.

Driftwood.

FROM the mighty forests; 'neath northern skies,
Where the glistening pall of the snow-robe lies,
Where the tall pines bend like a severed mast,
Bend and snap 'fore the wintry blast,
And into the eddy, into the stream,
Carried away like a phantom dream.

From the gardened isles of the southern land,
From many a verdant vine-clad strand,
Where the wealth of nature outlives the glow,
That Sol may pour on his path below,
And the kings of the forest rise and fall,
Like the unmarked notes of a festival.

Turning, twisting, twirling fast,
On by swiftest currents passed,
Some upon the dark rocks stranded,
Some ashore all safely landed,
Some are doomed to endless rest,
Some to ocean's billowy breast.

From the forest, down the river,
Floating onward, floating ever,
Out into the hungry sea,
Tossing ever carelessly —
Surely it is human strife,
Driftwood on the stream of life.

Nearer Home.

THE breaking day and the noontide heat,
Merge to the evening's gloom,
And I say, as I lay me down to rest,
"I'm one day nearer home!"

The minutes fly and the hours run by,
Swift as an arrow's flight,
And I say, as I watch the twinkling stars,
"I'm nearer home to-night!"

The days pass on and the weeks are gone,
And the months make up the years;
And the years are made of such little things,
Of hopes and smiles and tears.

Rain in the Woods.

A HUSH expectant lies o'er nature now,
The leaves a-tremble whisper soft and low,
And every little flower lifts up its head,
As if it never failed — their daily bread.

A gentle breeze, a very gentle breeze,
Comes murmuring happily through all the trees —
Caressing, playing with familiar touch,
Enjoying and enjoyed, and whispering much.

Caressing gently, growing bolder still,
Twigs bend and sway unto the breeze's will,
Until the trees, a-quiver with the blast,
Bow to a gale ungentle at the last.

And lo! a sweep of richly pattering rain,
No stinted measure in its full refrain,
Again, and yet again, they drink their fill —
All living things — till all with joy are still.

Johnny's Story.

“My papa is a drunkard,
My grandpa runs a bar,
My mother takes in washing —
And this is where we are:
There's just a bite to eat at home,
And mostly it's a crust,
I wish we had a turkey-spread, —
I'd eat until I bust.

“The children never can be clothed,
For mother's at the tub —
And from sun-up untill sundown
It's wash and rinse and rub:
It's Johnny here, and Johnny there,
And hurry, buy some soap,
And tend the baby, big and small,
Or else an end of rope!

“The money filters slowly by,
And mother's wore and ill;
I wonder why — for once uptown
I peeped in grandpap's till;

'Twas running full of money,
 Quarters, dollars, dimes.
I wish I was a man — I'd let
 The women vote — sometimes!"

TO M. R. B.

THE heart that lives in living —
 Lives for itself alone —
Has sunk to slavery's lowest,
 Is harder than a stone.

The life that lives in giving
 Has mounted to a throne,
That glows with regal beauty,
 Often, alas! alone.

Live on, oh! true and tender,
 And strong as love can be,
Till more than royal splendor,
 Some day awaiteth thee.

The Quiet Day.

THIS is the quiet day. Alas! for me,
No stillness lingers in the summer hours,
No haunt of bee or bird, or symphony
Of peace and rest, of trees and grass and flowers.

This is the day that they have set apart
For meditation and for thankful prayer,
For all that brings them even heart to heart,
With things that are, to love and persevere.

The streams that break about us pass and turn,
With all their eddying waves of care and strife,
And by them, in them, if we will, we learn
The mighty undercurrents of our life.

This is the quiet day! And I can hold
So near unto the Master as I go,
That all my days are quiet — and behold,
I did not know it could be ever so.

A Grain of Salt.

Just a word in your ear,

While the busy old world goes by,

With a laugh and a tear, a hope and a fear,

A smile, a frown and a sigh —

Just a word in your ear,

Whatever it brings to you,

No matter whose fault, with a grain of salt,

Season it ever new.

One comes with a pitiful tale,

Of want or sorrow or sin;

Hasten your grain — 'tis a terrible rain,

Where no ray of light creeps in:

Never so dark the nightfall,

Never so dull the day,

But a seasoning fine, from your hidden mine

Will chase the gloom away.

If a taste of the bitter waters,

That we all must sup through life,

Cometh to you, in its horror new,

Of grief, remorse, or strife:

Haste to your mine, and sprinkle fine,
 With a grain of salt — or sense;
In the time to be, your soul may see
 The whither, the why, and the whence.

Rock Ferns.

UPON the beetling crag,
 Where foot hath never trod,
With scarce a root to cheer them on,
 And not an inch of sod.

In every rough-hewn crevice,
 Where rarely mosses spring,
On walls of adamantine rock,
 How faithfully they cling.

Oh! for a vigorous growth like this,
 The Rock of Ages near,
To cling as closely, spite of storm,
 Or every craven fear.

The Beauty of Imperfection.

A TRUE STORY.

A SCULPTOR worked at a wondrous face,
And gave to it more than human grace;
He patiently wrought at the marble fine,
And chiselled his soul on that face divine;
And when it was finished, unsatisfied,
He flung the doors of his studio wide.

Critic and friend (he was known to fame),
One and all, and many, they came,
On that Christ-like brow to pass decree —
And the sculptor pondered what it would be —
A blessed blame or a cruel praise,
Lengthening out or shortening days.

Silently went as silently came;
They had no words of praise or blame;
But deep in the eyes of each one lay
A reverence as they passed away,
And a mistiness that was strange to see —
The sculptor wondered what it could be.

He whispered a friend to stay behind,
To tell him the truth and ease his mind.
"What do you think of my work?" said he,
As he laid his hand on it tenderly,
"This child of my later day and skill;
Tell me the truth, be it good or ill."

And the other answered with modest mien,
" 'Tis the finest art we have ever seen;
You have done your best, and lavished all
Your gift on that face, and to recall,
Or to regret, there is nothing there —
It is perfectly pure, and great, and fair."

The sculptor turned away with a sigh,
And a tremulous moisture in his eye,
Then spoke in a voice that was faint and low,
"I am of all men lost below —
If that is my best — for what," said he,
"Is left in the realm of my work for me?"

The Word that's Left Unsaid.

'Tis not the thought you speak, dear,
That does so much in life
To soothe the wretched heartache,
To stay the ceaseless strife;
To lift the weary burden,
To ease the throbbing head —
'Tis not the word you say, dear,
But the word you leave unsaid.

'Tis not the word that's spoken
That tells where great hopes lie,
Neither the thrilling utterance
That speaks ambition nigh:
Nor yet the whispered secret,
Breathing of deeds ahead;
'Tis not the spoken word that tells,
But the word that's left unsaid.

'Tis not the thing you say, dear,
Though honey-sweet it be,
And weighted with affection,
From all of envy free,

That tells where mighty love is crowned,
The highest and the best,
For words are weak where deeds alone
Find only fitting rest.

A Picture.

SHE was a child, a gay and laughing child,
And full of artless pranks — not running wild,
But innocent as daylight — joyous, free,
Just as a child well-born is meant to be,
And rich in guileless humour; eyes as blue
As heaven's own, weighted with dew
Of adolescence; brow as clear and wide
As some fair sail breasting a rising tide;
A peach-bloom cheek, and rounded dimpled chin;
A rosebud mouth, close hiding pearls within;
A form of strength and beauty; rounded limb,
Bounding with life from morn to twilight dim;
And graceful as a fawn that stoops to drink,
Coy and alert, at some still river's brink.

The Unspeakable Turk.

AGAIN it surges to the front,
The Crescent dripping red,
From towns and hamlets where they lie,
The yet unburied dead;
From burning villages where homes
Are scenes of vengeance dire,
Old age and childhood — womanhood —
To sword and lust and fire.

The Turk holds nothing sacred
That Christian dogs have earned,
For centuries by him the Cross,
Despised, dishonored, spurned;
And glory with a brazen front
Still heads the bloody way,
Where women and where children shrink
Before the light of day.

How long shall sodden Europe,
O'er hill and vale and moor,
Refuse to heed the piteous voice
Clamoring at her door?

How long dares Christian England,
In this enlightened hour,
Press to her blood-stained bosom
The imp of "balanced power?"

Justice: A Picture.

TILLMAN'S TRIAL.

LET us be just, tho' justice stand apart,
A shamed and sorry figure, while her scales
Unbalanced hang, and o'er her piercing eyes
One weary hand is held, as if to shade
The stern light of publicity that beats above,
And well-nigh overwhelms her strange new mien.

Let us be just. Old Time has travelled far,
And measured many cycles in his route,
And yet he pauses not for right or wrong; and so
we know,
As time shall Justice be, as stern and unrelenting,
tho' alone
She stands to-day, her gaze askance at man.

The Story of a Rose.

A STATELY woman walked at morn,
All joy and peace receiving,
To wealth and beauty fitly born,
All good and true believing :
She gathered roses, red and white,
And pink, with hearts resplendent,
Then turned, and lo, a basket quite
O'erflowing — leaves attendant.

“So many roses pure and sweet,
It were a shame to soil them,
Beneath the ball-room's careless feet,
With pleasure just to spoil them :
The best shall go by single stem
To gladden prisoned faces :
It may be some faint heart in them
May find some deeper graces.”

Ah! little knew my lady fair,
As through the gloom she passed,
That one poor soul was lying there
Sinking and failing fast :

A soul that once on eagle wings
Had cleft unto the sky,
Now broken, chained with earthly things,
Had crept in there to die.

A thoughtful nurse had placed a screen
Within that corner drear;
For One was drawing near unseen,
Yet dread and ever near:
The jet black hair was smoothly laid
Across the pillow white;
The poor faint heart was sore afraid
With terror grim that night;

When lo! a vision, bright and clear,
Bent tenderly above,
A vision crowned with sunny hair,
And eyes that brimmed with love.
A cool, soft hand upon her head,
A rose before her sight,
A voice — no matter what it said,
It brought her peace and light.

She took the rose with faintest thrill
O'er the poor wasted frame,

She looked, and looked — O heart! be still —
The blessed tears they came,
A mighty downpour, washing wide
The sloughs of shame and sin,
And cleansing, a resistless tide,
The blackened heart within.

That rose close by a cottage door
Had crept and twined and budded o'er,
A wonder eye to maids and men,
A thing of passing beauty then,
A crown to one glad, laughing child
Who called the bush her own, and smiled
To see the beauty that it grew,
So sweet and shy, so strange and new;
So many buds to blossom all,
From summer till the leaves must fall,
And then all closely sodded o'er,
To bud again in spring once more.

That rose again! Why, memory swept —
Small wonder that the woman wept —
Her mother's rose, in days gone by,
Beneath old Scotland's fleecy sky!

It smelt to her of a blossoming moor,
With the breezes chasing each other o'er;
She fingered it gently, with loving hand,
A bloom from her distant native land;
So long ago, that it seemed to say,
"You were another in that fair day;
A happy, innocent, laughing child,
With eyes that looked at my heart and smiled,
A bud of Nature, so glad and gay,
With life one lovely summer day,
Sunshine and shower, tear and smile,
Alas! you have travelled many a mile
O'er byways of sorrow, doubt and sin —
Do you think the Master will let you in?
Can mercy be found for such as you?
Is there anything that can make you new?
Is there any grace that can wash you white?
And the little rose answered "yes" that night,
As hushed the turbulent soul went out,
Without a fear, and beyond a doubt.

She lay on a prison cot at rest,
The dead hands holding a rose to her breast,
A smile of peace o'er the chastened brow —
Ah! tongues of a day, be kind to her now.

A Thought Reclothed.

HERE is something grand to-day,
Caught from the busy way,
Of the people that come and go;
Something wondrously fine —
Harken — it may be thine,
A gem of all gems below.

Some are so busy and glad,
Some are so restless and sad,
While others are painfully slow;
Scarcely any we meet,
In home, or mart, or street,
The golden mean of life know.

Strenuous workers here,
Listless toilers there,
Thronging the ways of life;
Hearts that are wondrous still,
Lives that are made of will,
Steeped and folded in strife.

ONCE in a while you may find
One who has left behind,
 All of earth's glitter and glare;
Into whose soul-lit eyes
Nestles a faint surprise,
 At the bustle and strife everywhere.

"As a man thinketh" — indeed!
Food for the hour of need,
 Plenty and peace in the strife;
Marring the noble way,
Lighting the wintry day —
 Thought is the impulse of life.

Cover it if you will,
Laugh it away, but still
 The thought will grow to the deed:
Tear it up by the roots,
Destroy all branches and shoots —
 You must harbor the germ you feed.

I can think to be good and grand —
The poorest in the land —
 And my life shall grow to my thought
I can think to be false and low
And darkness and sorrow know —
 And as I think I have wrought.

Tahkeestee.

By the laughing Tahkeestee
 Oft I met my lover true;
Many moons we wandered by it
 Talking — what is that to you?

In the spring-time, when the dog-wood
 Hung its banners on the hill;
In the golden summer glory
 And when autumn joy was still.

When old Winter spread his pinions
 And essayed his icy chill,
By the laughing Tahkeestee,
 Often walking, talking still.

By the laughing Tahkeestee
 Dwelt a gentle king of men,
Smiled and frowned and pondered often
 Of the ways of lovers then.

Now no more beside the waters
 Girl and lover wander on;
They have passed to lands far distant
 And the gentle king has gone.

Sonship.

SHELTERED beneath my Father's hand,
Serene I view the promised land
 That stretches wide before me;
The beauties of the earth below,
The joyousness of life to know,
 And love that shadows o'er me.

To touch the harp of many strings,
Attuned to all earth's whisperings,
 To know the joy of living;
To blend the bitter and the sweet,
To lay before the Father's feet,
 All that is worth the giving.

The bond of sympathy to feel;
To hope and yearn, to pray and kneel,
 With many hearts submissive
To rise and sing a thankful song,
To speed the note of joy along,
 Clear, glorious and incisive.

To pass beyond the house of prayer,
To find it present everywhere,

 In street and home and hall;

To joy beyond the joys of earth,
In gladness of the glad New Birth,

 In, on, and over all.

Unscathed to pass of woe and sin,
Bearing a talisman within,

 That sheds a radiance ever:

In care that is not care to-day,
On strife that passes swift away,

 To come again here never.

The tear of sympathy to shed,
To heal the hurt and lift the head,

 By shame or sorrow bended;

To know the Brotherhood of Man,
All things to bless, all things to scan,

 If but by good attended.

Yet, bound in happy bonds, to be
At liberty and always free,

 To serve, and give, and love:

Beneath the gentle Father's care,
Rejoicing in his Son to share —

 Below and yet above.

Lines on the Death of Miss Amelia Miller.

TO MR. AND MRS. HARMON H. MILLER.

SHE passed away in her youthful bloom,
Too sweet and fair for the cold dark tomb;
And we thought as we sorrowing bore her on
That the light and the life of our home was gone;

For we had lavished our boundless love
On the blossom tended at length above;
And it seemed so hard that the wealth so given
Was not for the earth, but all for heaven.

Then came a man from the house of God
(He, too, the mourner's way had trod;)
Patient and kind, and without restraint,
He listened the mother's mourning plaint.

"You have not wasted your training here;
This bud has bloomed in a sunnier sphere;
Some day, some time, you shall know full well,
And be glad of the proof of this I tell."

Oh! blessed thought to the sorrowing soul,
That heaven, not earth, is the Christian's goal;
That the child of our love who passes away
Is ever our own in a happier day.

A Borrowed Expression.

"I CARRY you on my heart" these many days and
days,

As I think of all your constant love, and your quiet
helpful ways;

Of the burden borne so bravely through the ever-
changing past —

No wonder that you scorned its cause and spurned
its weight at last.

"I carry you on my heart," by happy days long fled,
And by the blessed memory of our yet living dead;
By fond hearts throbbing now with constant love
and true,

I know that yet the future holds some unthought joy
for you.

Nesting-time.

Who knows what the birds are doing
Up in the old oak tree?
And the redbird slowly sharpened his bill,
But never a wink gave he.
Then he flew to his mate, with a sweet, clear note.
She was brown and wondrous shy.
"They are watching us now," he said. "Away,
We must build so high — so high."

Who knows what the birds are doing
Down in the thicket there?
They are watching the buds, I do believe,
Come out so sweet and fair.
They are whispering low to the little flowers
That peep from the sodden mould;
They are wondering why in the lap of spring
It can be so cold — so cold.

Who knows what the birds are doing
Away in the forest dim?
If you listen early, and without noise,
You can hear their morning hymn;

'Tis a note of joy and gladness,
That the world can be so fair ;
'Tis a tune of thankful beauty,
That spring is here — is here.

To a Voyager.

A. B. L.

WE thought of you upon the ocean wide,
Propelled by steam, spurred on by wind and tide ;
But March was rough, and we had doubts and
fears —
What wonder that our thoughts were oftentimes
prayers ?

We talked of your rich past and present brave,
And thought you lonely on the deep sea's wave,
Yet knew that One his constant watch would keep,
To cheer and guide you o'er the trackless deep.

Song.

By the placid Swanannoa
Lived the red man years gone by,
Fished and hunted, smoked and slumbered,
Sheltered by the mountains high.

In his wigwam, by the streamlet,
Dwelt his squaw of dusky face,
Reared his young ones, lithe and active,
For the field and for the chase.

Little reck'd he of the rumors
Of another day to be,
Of a strange and wondrous paleface,
Coming o'er the mighty sea.

Fished and hunted, smoked and slumbered,
While the river murmured on,
Careless as its peaceful waters,
Till his fleeting day was gone.

By the placid Swanannoa
Lives another race to-day:
Red man, wigwam, squaw and papoose
Into silence passed away.

To a Nurse,

AFTER HER MONTH OF PROBATION.

WELL done, brave heart? The world has crying
need

Of gentle hands and skilled,
Of patient hearts with tenderness, and minds
With healing knowledge filled.

Humanity's great burden weighs it down
With myriad ills and sore;
Sin, suffering, death — the monster with three
throats,
That ever craves for more.

And ye who labor for the weal of those
Who suffer and who die,
Lead hallowed lives, that yet shall bring repose
To mind, and hand, and eye.

'Tis grand to stand beside the bed of death
And ease the tyrant grim,
But greater, grander, still it is, to fight
And conquer — even him.

A View from the Pearson Estate.

THE stately pile of Vanderbilt's
Lies to the right extreme;
The Tahkeestee winds below,
Fairer than poet's dream.

A tiny hamlet nestles
Below the wooded hill;
No sound disturbs the stillness,
But wild birds' happy trill.

Afar the city rises:
It seems within the shade
A fair and lovely blending
Of that which man has made.

And Nature, in her fullness,
About the nestling homes,
With here and there a church's spire,
And minarets and domes.

A Cradle in the House

FATHER walks on tiptoe—
 And no light weight is he—
And shuts the door so gently—
 Sight comical to see.
Mother hastens lightly,
 And softly as a mouse,
And lifts a finger warningly:
 There's a cradle in the house.

A cradle rocking softly
 Beside the oaken wall,
Where shadows gather latest,
 When evening's sunbeams fall;
A cradle rudely fashioned,
 And with no hangings fair,
Yet holds no cot in all the land
 Sweeter than infant there.

A cradle rocking softly,
 At morning noon and night;

A wee one kicking bravely,
And crowing with delight;
And playing with the sunbeams
That dance upon the wall,
And laughing at the shadows
That o'er the cradle fall.

The Soul's Yearning.

HUMAN enough, you are my friend,
To know that, soon or late,
With all your learning, wit, and pride,
The soul yearns for its mate.

Oft through the changing years of life,
Till life itself is passed
To fuller life, with wisdom rife —
To be complete at last.

Little Shoes.

I FOUND them up in the garret,
Among some papers and clothes,
Closely tied in a piece of silk —
A pair of wee little shoes.

Where have the little feet wandered
That scuffed them out on the floor;
That wore the sides and stubbed the toes,
And rubbed them a wee bit more?

Have they sauntered in vales of beauty,
'Mid many a mental flower,
Or lingered apart from duty
In pleasure's sylvan bower?

Ah! no. In a peaceful garden,
Under the brow of a hill,
By the busy world forgotten,
The little feet lie still.

Nothing they knew of the pathway
 Into the valley of care;
Nothing of sin or of sorrow —
 They never entered there.

They were gathered like spotless lilies
 Budding to perfect bloom,
By One who loved them dearly —
 Away from earthly gloom.

I know they have trod the highways
 Of a land that is fairer than ours;
I know they have lingered in byways,
 Under the trees and the flowers.

Dear little shoes discarded,
 I lay you away with tears;
Some time I shall clasp those feet again
 At the further end of the years.

Some time they shall hasten to meet me
 Over the way of gold,
For my darling is there to greet me,
 Sheltered in heaven's fold.

Wrinkles.

OLD Time has taken liberties
With that dear face of thine,
And writ in wondrous characters
Full many a mystic sign.

I wonder if he comprehends
How true his writings are —
How deeply learned he must be
To make them go so far!

For back across the æons
His first faint pencil drew,
And now I see his characters
Have been portrayed on you.

Such mighty hieroglyphics
No other hand has penned,
As this faint pencilling, so fine
That it can have no end.

And yet, dear heart, I would not take
The bloom of youth to-day,
For all the wrinkles that are yours —
They have so much to say.

Up and Again!

"Hoping to experience that mysterious force of reparation which Heaven has mercifully imparted to every sound body and healthfully constituted mind, which turns evil into good, and transmutes dull misery into that active battling with sorrow which in time produces a deeper peace than even happiness."

Up and again! with the buoyant flight
Of an eagle on its wings,
Beyond the blight of the coldest night,
Or sorrow's harrowing things:

O soul of mine, in the Light Divine,
That beams on thee by day,
There is no night if you see aright,
Along the uphill way.

For deep in the breast of each wayward guest
Who sups at the feast of life,
Is a giant still in the deathless will,
Smothered perchance by strife:

Up and again! Tho' it seemeth vain,
A boon is to be won,
Beyond the joy of our youth's alloy,
Under an earthly sun.

The heart may sigh, with its pitiful cry
For rest and ease and sleep;
You must mount a guard, and gallop it hard,
If you win the two-fold keep.

Up and again! With a joyous strain.
For a crown that is not rest;
The day may be when thine eye shall see,
And know Who loveth best.

Mary Lee.

So fair a name, and with such memories fraught!
What matter if the North smiled on thy birth;
The South is aye thy home —
Sweet singer of my heart.

The Woods.

I LOVE the woods, these pulsing solitudes
Are God's own sanctuary. Long ere man
Defiled the earth with murder, 'twas the same.
And such to-day. Races unknown
Have lived within the shade. Nothing is left
To tell their loves and strifes. The poor Indian
passed
Unconscious of his destiny. Another race
Usurps his place to-day, and, lo! the woods are not.

From prehistoric times man used the groves
As places of worship. And the Almighty walked
And lent his voice to their pure majesty.
Here at length
We see earth's beauty and its wondrous peace —
A marvel past belief, and realize
Such was the earth fresh from the hands of God.

Old Letters.

"You must not keep old letters."

The Mater said to me ;

"They make so much of litter —

"I'm sure you will agree."

I smiled my acquiescence,

With not a tweak or pull —

At home — (alas! my conscience!) —

I had a barrel full!

And just to-day, in cleaning,

I found two letters dear,

Written in tender friendship

O'er many a bygone year:

I had forgotten almost

Along the winding way,

That love like this had blossomed

For me full many a day.

And such a note of gladness

Those letters brought to me,

Of living cheer and beauty —

I'm sure you will agree.

We must not keep old letters,
Save just the one or two,
To keep us in remembrance,
As on and up we go.

To a Flock of Wild Geese.

WHITHER away in your airy flight,
Birds that fly in the dead of night?
Have you been robbing a neighbor's corn,
Taking your fill ere the dewy morn?

Flying low o'er the tree tops high,
Startling the woods with discordant cry;
Seeking perchance a watery rest,
Or only flying from quest to quest?

Noisy bird of the restless wing,
Are you ever glad at anything?
Or, like my heart, doth a vague unrest
Settle forever in your grey breast?

To a St. Bernard.

DUCHESS, doggie — dear old doggie!

Waiting by the way,

Has any one a kindly word

Spoke to you to-day?

Peering from your pensive eyes,

As my voice you hear,

Seems to be a memory

Striving to appear.

Do you ken of other days

Long since passed away?

Of a rough, but kindly hand? —

Dear old doggie, say.

Of voices that are absent?

Ah! doggie, you and I,

Must make the best of life to-day

And pass the other by!

Three Roses.

(MARY ROSE, NANCY ROSE AND SUSAN ROSE.)

THREE roses in a garden,
 A-budding on one stem,
Oh! what shall day's own beauty
 Of sunshine bring to them?

Three roses in the garden,
 Roses virgin white,
Veiling hearts that hide below,
 From the garish light.

And one is picked! — Its petals
 Are scattered far and wide,
And yet its beauty lingers
 Spite of time and tide.

And two are shedding fragrance
 Across the world to-day;
But one is here and one is there,
 And both are far away.

Three roses in a garden
Some day will bloom again,
Yet grant their sweetness many years
Amongst us may remain.

The Source of Happiness.

Not from the secret fountains,
Nor from the hidden spring,
Beneath the shade of mountains,
By forests whispering:
But from the brook that windeth
Along the common way,
Peace and beauty findeth,
The thirsty soul to-day.

The common grandeur of the earth,
The wealth of little things,
Perfection grown of lowly birth,
Creation's murmurings —
Happy the soul that, kneeling, draws,
Its sustenance to-day,
All heeding of the primal cause,
That guides the brooklet's way.

The Sculptor's Test.

WITHIN his studio, one bright day,
A massive block of marble lay,
So spotless pure, so wondrous white
It seemed to fill the room with light,
And woo his genius to dare
And try to form its being there.

Spurred by the one absorbing thought,
From day to day he patient wrought,
From week to week, from year to year,
Till fourteen of them pictured there,
And he all doubt if 'twas his best,
And, trembling much, applied the test.

He called a child — a little child —
All innocent and undefiled,
And, pointing to the figure there,
In its pure beauty, grand and fair,
He bade her mark it long and well,
And whom she thought 'twas meant to tell.

He watched her with a beating heart,
Nor could he check a fearsome start,
When the bright eyes had wandered o'er
His work, and viewed it yet once more.
She spake, as though of holy things —
“ 'Tis some good angel — without wings!”

He turned him to his work again,
With more of pleasure than of pain,
And labored on with hopes and fears,
Through seven more long weary years,
And feeling he had done his best,
He once again applied the test.

The child he called unto him then,
Looked on it once, and looked again,
And worshipping with reverent face
The beauty of its matchless grace,
Bent, all abashed, her infant head,
And “It is Jesus Christ,” she said.

Life.

How beautiful is life, when the first streak of dawn-
ing

Touches the sunrise hills,
And all the glint and glow of early morning
The wide east fills!

How beautiful is life, at noontide's hour,
When, glowing like the sun,
Man's widening pathway, lit with wondrous power,
Is mapped and run!

How beautiful is life, when eventide
Steals softly on,
And sunset's gates are flinging glory wide,
Till day is done!

How beautiful is life, when mystic night
Disrobes her starry breast
Gleaming with other world's far distant light,
And man must rest!

No Mercy for Him.

His father drank from his earliest days,
 Drank — as a pig drinks swill —
And he married a maiden pure as the snow,
 As drunkards sometimes will;
And this is their son, a lovely boy,
 The neighbors' joy and pride,
His mother told me the other day,
 She wished that he then had died.

They sell him drink by the jug full,
 Whisky and wine and beer,
In pints and quarts and gallons,
 A brave array is there —
He takes his fill in the bar-room,
 He drinks some more at home,
And they care not a snap, these whisky men,
 That he hastens on to his doom.

The open grave is just ahead,
 The chain-gang and the pen;
There was a time when he held his head
 With the best of Christian men;

There was a time — on a Sunday morn —
The tempter came to him,
And blighted the bloom on the tree of life,
And made the daylight dim.

What can ye do, ye Christian (?) men,
Judges and bishops high,
Lawyers and ministers of God,
How shall ye make reply?
Ye made him a drunkard — what he is;
Your cruel work goes on;
How shall ye stand at the bar of God,
With nothing to stand upon?

What Is It?

THOU virile daughter of a stately dame;
Miled in youth, yet never known to shame;
Strong in thy strength of wisdom true and pure,
Holding all things that strengthen and endure,
Clasping the good, and casting forth the ill,
Bearing another name, yet daughter still.

“Ould Ireland.”

No more on Erin's Emerald Isle the lights are burn-
ing low,

No more the sunny Irishman hides for an English
foe;

No more the half-starved mother draws unto her
drooping breast —

Crooning a curse on England — the babe that scarce
can rest.

Oh! shade of Robert Emmet! What wonder
draweth nigh? —

No more across thy native land the children's piteous
cry;

No more they scour the naked fields for “praties”
turning green;

Her starving load of human kine, thank God! no
more is seen.

The wheels of time have circled slow, and o'er the
smiling land,

Grim poverty and ignorance have sauntered hand
in hand;

But England in these latter days, with Gladstone in
the van,
Has learned the lesson, once so hard, of hearth and
home for man.

I think the souls of patriots, wherever they may be,
Must dance a jig for Ireland, of all her troubles
free;
Must lift a psalm of thankfulness that on the earth
at last,
In one fair spot at least, the woe of centuries has
passed.

Then, hang up the shillalah, and lay the banshee by,
A better day for Ireland has dawned on Freedom's
sky;
Home Rule is coming for the land, and peace and
plenty yet —
The darkness of the centuries, alas! I can forget.

Thy Will.

Not mine, but thine! Apart from thee to-day
I dare not wander if the body will;
Thy love must be enough; beneath its ray
The soul rejoices, steady, buoyant still.

Not mine the outer part of fret and strife
Of daily jarring with the crowds that meet,
But by the hourly routine of our life,
The nearness holy and the converse sweet.

I hold a chalice! — What thou layest therein,
Be mine to pour before the restless feet,
That come and go, unceasing in the din,
Whose echo faintly moves along the street.

So be it mine the cup of joy to hold,
Of peace and love, and all thy boundless will,
Unmindful of the tumult or the gold,
Save as they stir thy seas of beauty still.

“A Born Poet.”

WHAT IT MEANS.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! — I’m sorry for him!
He may live till he’s old and his eyes are dim;
Till his back is crooked, his hair is grey,
And his once verdant mind has nothing to say;
Till his locks refuse to entwine his brow,
But he’ll never need pity as he does now.

For why? He’s a poet — a poet born!
A thing for the wide world’s butt and scorn;
A receiver of sorrows, of aches and tears,
Of doubts and despair, dismay and fears;
A seer of right, a bearer of wrong,
With a heart full of sighs and a brain full of song.

If you have a friend, and you’re sure that he’s nice,
And if you’ve a heart, oh! take my advice —
Call him a liar, brand him a thief,
Say that he is of all rascals the chief;
But never that thing, of all others forlorn,
Not made or evolved — but a poet born!

England and America.

BEHOLD, adown the vale of years,
A stately pair, arm-locked, appears;
The younger, with majestic mien,
Steps lightly as an old-world queen,
And from her eyes — Victorian blue —
A radiant light is beaming through.
The elder, with her furrowed brow,
And eyes of undimmed splendor now,
Treads like a matron sure of time,
Her stately carriage most sublime;
Her head a snow-white crowning bears;
Her form scarce shows the weight of years;
Her gaze — not o'er the pathway wide,
But to the partner at her side.
They seem engrossed in something new —
A wondrous vista opes to view;
No gesture theirs; their stately walk
Is filled with measured, earnest talk;
The younger lists with reverent eye,
The elder's counsel, for reply.

A Plea for the Birds.

Oh! save the birds. There have been creatures, fair
As ever gladdened Eden, destroyed for lack of sense,
In wanton sportsmanship. The mighty auk
Is but a memory now. Sixty years ago
Saw the last stately pair on Erin's Isle
Hunted to death. The emu, too, has long suc-
cumbed to man;
And rarest birds of the far northern seas have
passed away,
To man's insatiate lust weak victims all.
There have been birds — the great white water-hen
of Norfolk Isle,
The gorgeous sickle-bill, of black and gold, and
many more,
Exterminated for man's vanity. Hunted and slain
To deck a woman's head, or some poor naked king
Of southern isles afar.

By sea and woodland, long
The slaughter is accomplished, till it seems
Man's power to blight is equal to his greed.

A few centuries hence shall see our birds of plumage
and of song
Only on paper, hung, it may be, then, for that fair
race to be,
To mark the passage of the birds from earth.

The Newest New Woman.

I SEE her down the centuries stand,
Holding a small child by the hand:
Her visage mild, with eye serene,
And firmness as a mount between;
The carriage graceful, vigor strong,
And head well-poised, she moves along,
And tunes her footsteps to the pace
Of her young heir of all the race,
Seeming as if the world about
Has hedged her in, and all without
Is working only for the child,
And her strong guidance, undefiled;
Yet knowing all, and not apart,
She passes, more of soul than heart,
A mind attuned to all earth's best —
Her God and *man* attend the rest.

The Last Word.

"I ASKED for a knife, my darling,

You have brought me the scissors instead;"

But she stood and she answered gravely,

"I am sure it was 'scissors' you said."

"You have made a mistake, my dearest;

I am sure I asked for a knife."

"No! It was scissors! — I know it,

As sure as I am a wife."

"You are utterly wrong for once, my dear,

As sure as I am a man;

It was 'knife,' I said; so bring me a knife

As quick as ever you can."

"But you wanted scissors," she pleaded;

"The devil take 'em," cried he;

"Go, get you in! I said a knife,

And bring a knife to me."

"Scissors you said," she slowly turned;

"Scissors it was, I know;"

"I said a knife!" — three paces took he,
But forbore to strike a blow.

She walked away. "Scissors," she cried;
"Knife!" bawled he back again;
"Scissors" and "knife" rang out apace,
And a sad thing happened then.

They lived by the river; the water was near;
She looked not where she stood;
"Scissors" and "knife" were the all of life —
He pushed! She fell in the flood!

And "scissors," screamed, as the water
Rushed in her mouth and ears;
But a mighty cry of "knife" rang out
Over her sinking fears.

Three times she rose to the surface,
Three times "scissors!" cried,
He stood on the bank and watched her —
'Twas her own fault if she died.

But alas! as she sank the last time
He might have saved her then,
But two fingers arose o'er the water,
And their motion was "scissors" again.

“Declined, with Thanks.”

I WOULD approach with reverent face,
And all I own of native grace,
To thank the editors to-day —
A line won't tell what I've to say.

For long, long years, from youth's fair hour,
When I beneath its gushing power,
Dared sue the muse that is divine
To crown these simple thoughts of mine.

And up through youth until to-day
I stand with hair that should be grey,
By post and boat, by steam and train,
By man, horse, donkey, barrow, wain:

I've freighted forth the work of years,
In hope and toil in smiles and tears,
In ardent youth and sober age,
Line after line of rhythmic page.

Till now I stand with reverent face,
And all that's mine of native grace,
To thank the hearts I once deemed flint
For all of mine *they did not* print.

The Threat of a Three-Year-Old.

I HAD insulted "the Bishop" —

Had grossly maligned His Grace,
And a frown of portentous rigor
Shadowed the rosy face.

I had insulted His Lordship, —

By a word or a slap may be,
And a whole sea of emotions
Welled themselves up in the baby.

He left me alone a few minutes,

And tried very hard to cry,
But the tears wouldn't come — he was angry,
And the fount of his grief was dry.

At length he walked up beside me —

The boy to a man was grown —
And he gravely announced, "I'll waise me
A mover of my own;

"And while I am waising the mover,

I'll waise me some chillen, too —
And then you'll see, you mean mover,
I'll have nothing to do with you!"

An Incident of Pinewoods Fire.

On! mother-heart, so strong and true, didst think
 when the fiery wave
Threatening thy loved ones onward swept, that thy
 poor arms could save?
Didst think that the demon then let loose would at
 thy devotion flee?
Or that the five at thy quivering breast could save
 from destruction be?

Songs have been sung of courageous deeds done by
 the daring brave;
Of lives saved at the peril of life on land or ocean
 wave;
But never a bard immortal hath told of a love like
 thine,
Surpassing the love of mortals, approaching the
 Love Divine.

Think of it, mothers in quiet homes, with your little
 ones by your knee,
The rush and the smoke and the terror of that near-
 ing fiery sea:

The white-lipped horror of women, and manhood's
speechless fear,
And the cries of the little children at the dread doom
drawing near.

The saddest part of a woe like this is the little chil-
dren's fear;
The understood is partly robbed of its horrors hov-
ering near;
But the dread unknown is a thing of ill to stagger
the bravest heart,
And the children can only quake and fear — they
can bear no hero's part.

So hold them close to thy faithful breast, O mother,
so strong and true,
Sheltered close in the danger that only thy own
heart knew:
Folding them one and all in thy arms, with a word,
a smile, and a sigh,
Strong in thy strength of deathless love to suffer
and conquer and die.

One Day.

THIS day of all the days! Long years have passed,
Since by thy side I fondly lingered last,
Loth to depart and loth to let thee go,
Yet then believing it was better so;
Blind to the future, blind to the speeding pain —
Never on earth to hear thy voice again.

Since that sad day the slowly dragging years
Have laid their weight of sorrow and of cares
Upon this heart of mine, so loved of thee;
But never day like that again can be,
So fair about, with autumn's beauty spread,
And far apart thou liedst, silent — dead!

'Twas hard indeed to stand beside the tomb
Of one to whom we thought death could not come;
To mark the coffin lid close o'er the brow
We loved and honored in the past as now;
He died among his own, in foreign land,
Tended and soothed by loving and loved hand.

But thy dear life must wear itself away,
Longing for home and kin until this day,
This day of all the days — so bright for thee;
For us so dark with woe's dread mystery:
The day-dawn of thy soul, so gently fair,
Heaven's rich reward — for us the valley here.

This day of all the days. I see once more,
Thy grave, sweet smile! so well-known 'twas of
yore
I grew to slight it as a little thing;
To-day, what joy its memory can bring —
Joy kin to pain — to know thee sheltered where
Nothing can harm thee! — Grant I meet thee there.

“Witchwood.”

Art and nature have been wedded here,
In perfect sympathy;
The softly distant mountains hovering near;
Woods, grass and flowers;
To charm the eye, and birds to lure the ear,
Mid lawns and bowers.

A Mother's Grave.

In the calm and quiet churchyard of a village in the
Isle,
Where the fitful skies of Britain and the snowdrops,
drooping, smile;
'Neath the oak-trees' shade and the chestnuts' lordly
bower,
Amid the myriad faces of England's daisy flower;
Alone, among a host of graves, a mother slumbers
there —
Of all her dearest ones of earth, not one — not one
— is near.

No best beloved's hand to trim the grass so fitly
green;
A simple headstone tells the tale of the what once
hath been.
No children, men and women now, to pause and
linger here,
And breathe beside a mother's tomb a child's most
earnest prayer:

No gentle hands made gentler by the purest earthly
love,
To plant the violet in the grass, and train the rose
above.

Not there — not there — 'tis but a grave! — 'tis but
a mound at best!

Oh! read the word upon the stone, "She died in
peace" — at rest;

And if the spirit rested when death had stamped the
brow,

How bright must be her angelhood, so pure and
spotless now;

And we can gaze from other lands to heaven's high
curtain fair,

And, knowing that her end was peace, we see her
shining there.

TO S. H. H.

A GARDEN spot your home to me!
So rich in beauty, choice and free;
So fair and restful that it seems
Like an enchanted isle of dreams.

Homeless.

UNDER God's beautiful sunshine,
 Out in the wind and the snow,
Homeless I wander -- most pitiful thing
 Of all God's creatures below.

Sinned? Ah! yes. I have drained to the dregs
 Of the bitter cup of shame;
I have sunk my lowest, and now I pass,
 Unholy, without a name.

Once I stood at my mother's knee,
 Long since she is in the skies —
Thank God for that! — while she talked to me
 Through the mist of her tear dimmed eyes.

She told me of God and of heaven,
 She warned me of Satan and sin;
She said if I followed the Saviour's way
 I would surely enter in.

She left me young, and the world was hard,
And I had to earn my bread;
They told me then that my face was fair —
They had better have slain me instead.

Under God's beautiful sunshine,
Out in the wind and the rain,
Homeless I wander, never to know
The blessing of peace again.

Tree Planting.

WHEN you are planting shade trees,
Remember the fruit as well;
Think of the coming boys and girls,
And see that the future tell,
That you were no niggard in planting,
Nor yet for self alone:
For every tree should an apple be,
When you come into your own!

To a Sister.

SOMETIMES I envy thee thy quiet life,

 Within the shadow of celestial hills,

With all its untold beauty ever rife,

 And foreign to our petty human ills.

Thou hadst such dreams for me, and I have trod

 A path thou canst not know! and it is well,

So it but leads me home to thee and God,

 In the blest beauty of thy land to dwell.

In the fair time to be I yet may turn

 To find thee waiting by another's side,

So blest the meeting that I'm fain to yearn

 To lay all else that binds me here aside:

For I have journeyed far from that bright way

 We knew together when our hearts were young;

Often have stumbled and have gone astray,

 And wandered far the rocks and thorns among.

But if I near the journey's end at last,

 And find thee waiting in the garden fair,

How little shall I reckon of all that's past,

 So I but meet thee — and another — there.

The Baby.

Oh! little mite of humanity, lying close to my
breast,

I have given you life, I am giving you love — would
I could give you earth's best;

For the years will come, and the years will go, and I
cannot always stay,

To guide your feet, your hands and mind, safe in
the narrow way.

Oh! little heart so close to mine, beating peacefully;
Would I could steer this bark of thine o'er life's un-
certain sea!

I'd outrun every gale that blew, and every storm
that pass'd,

And bring thee safely into port, a pure child-soul,
at last.

Oh! little face so fair and sweet, and eyes so sunny
blue,

That hasten with a smile to greet the white soul
peeping through,

To think that care may line that brow, or sorrow
 dim those eyes —
Thy mother, love, would restless be, though passed
 beyond the skies.

Oh! little life, so fragile, so tender and so dear,
The Hand will surely guide thee that placed thee
 safely here;
The Love will surely shield thee that gave to
 woman's heart
Such cherished blessing, dearest, as "Gift of God"
 thou art.

Oh! little spirit, white and pure, how dark this soul
 of mine,
Looks in this earthly atmosphere contrasted clear
 with thine!
God grant the future brings to thee some golden
 years to win,
And happiness be thine without, and always thine
 within.

Wherefore?

THERE'S wood upon the table,
There's water on the floor,
Charcoal on the kalsomine,
And chalk upon the door;
There's never anything in place
From busy morn till night;
The stairway, once so trim and neat,
Is now a fearsome sight.

Caps are hiding everywhere,
And blocks, and tools and things,
Iron hoops and stranger gear
Of old machines and rings;
Everything a child can tote
Little, big and small,
No matter if it's caked with dirt —
That doesn't count at all!

You pick 'em up and put 'em by,
You throw away and burn,
By some mysterious agency
They manage to return!

Nails and door-knobs, bolts and things
From everywhere and ever,
Underfeet and all around,
You cannot straighten — never.

Ah! well, the busy little hands,
The restless little feet,
May wander some day far away,
O'er life's uncertain street;
The little ones, so careless now,
May kindly turn some day,
And bring some greater joy to us,
Upon the widening way.

Morning Voices.

WHEN the morning wakes in splendor,
After night of rushing rain,
And the clouds, belated, gather
Slowly for the start again,
Then, O Soul, take heed and listen,
With a heart of thankful cheer,
To the song of joy triumphant
That is voicing everywhere.

The Laborer.

HE bent above sweet-smelling earth.
From morn to twilight dim;
The elements that gave him birth,
Were tightly sealed to him;
The book of Nature, open spread
Through full soft summer days,
The birds that caroled overhead,
Were Greek to his dull gaze.

He heeded not the blush of morn,
The glow of dewy eve,
The beauty of the night-time, borne
For mankind to receive;
For daily bread, and nothing more,
His whole hard life was set;
Yet children played about his door,
And gaily hardship met.

He came and went, and ate and slept,
Like any well-trained beast,
As Time, with unknown horrors crept,
And not one link released;

He lived and toiled, grew sick and died,
Of all earth's beauty reft,
Because Dame Fortune turned aside,
And his one poor claim left.

A Summer Night in the South.

A BROODING tenderness o'erarcheth all,
Within the hollow of His hand to lie;
Though all the world, whatever may befall,
In its mad whirl of pleasure rushes by.

A tenderness so deep that one can hear,
The sighing of the night-breath in the trees;
A brooding so apart from doubt or fear,
That none can trouble moments such as these.

A blissful stillness, like to that which lay
O'er Eden's beauty when all life was fair;
Day followed night, and night was merged in day,
With never thought of sorrow, sin, or care.

If—

If I had been with thee, but to close thine eyes —
To hover o'er thee in those last swift hours that sped
 the messenger;
To catch the whispered words, the tender messages
To distant dear ones; to hold thy hand
When through the "valley of the shadow" thy young
 feet
Must needs go forward, falteringly. Oh! it is so
 hard
To know that strangers only were beside thee then,
And not thine own. What do I say? Strangers?
Thy Saviour was thine own! and he was there!
The gentle voice that soothed the sorrowing;
The self-same hand that raised the dead to life.
Thou hadst no fear; and I am sure that it was well
 with thee,
And well for evermore! But, oh! my darling,
Would I had been there.

One of the Sweet Old Chapters.

ONE of the sweet old chapters!

After a day like this:

The day brought tears and trouble,

The evening brings no kiss.

No rest in the arms I long for —

Rest, and refuge, and home:

Grieved, and lonely, and weary,

Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters!

The love that blossoms through

His care of the birds and lilies,

Out in the meadow dew.

His evening lies soft around them,

Their faith is simply to be:

Oh! hushed by the tender lesson,

My God, let me rest in thee.

Remorse.

If I had thought we could be parted thus,
How often had I lingered by thy side,
And talked with thee of all thy hopes and fears.
And in thy presence been full satisfied.

I would have been all that thy gentle heart
Fondly believed me in those days gone by;
But time can bring me nothing but remorse,
And no redress to suppliants such as I.

I would have hung upon thy lightest word,
And cheered thy sorrows with a mighty hope:
But now it is too late, and all my life,
I must with this regret incessant cope.

Was there no whisper in the golden past,
To check my heartless mirth, and bid me stay,
And step aside, and lift some tender flow'r
That my rude foot had crushed upon the way?

I heard it not, and time and season pass'd,
 And, ere I knew, the woeful end was by;
Oh! what a day was that, how darkly shone
 The mocking sun in that October sky!

The way of life was rough to thee, I know,
 And thy faint heart oft trembled 'neath its load;
Ah! did I speak one word, or give my hand,
 If just but once, to help thee on thy road?

Thou found'st a surer Guide than ever I
 Could e'er have been if I had done my best;
And though the way to Him was rough and sore
 Thou can'st at last to His all perfect rest.

It is too late for words of tender love,
 And thou hast need of nothing earthly now;
The cares of life, the rougher change of time,
 Can never mark thy ever youthful brow.

And I have my deserts! I may not tread
 With lingering step beside thy resting place;
But thy young life has stamped upon my own,
 In tender hues and soft, its gentle grace.

And I have said too much; thou knowest all
That this o'erladen heart would fondly tell;
But thy forgiveness — it must wait till I
Fathom life's mystery, too! And it is well.

To a Singer.

You sing the songs of the Master,
Your voice is attuned to praise,
Yet you never acknowledge, by word or deed,
The Love that enriches your days:
You sing of his marvellous beauty,
You sing of his wonderful love,
And while you are treading the downward path
You sing of the home above.

And how shall you ever explain it,
When you stand at the bar of God,
With hundreds of witnesses by you,
Telling the way you have trod,
When all through the mud and the mire of life,
You sang the songs of the King,
And yet in that day of Harvest Home
You have nothing but tares to bring!

It Is Well.

"Is it well with thy dear ones?"

Soft the prophet's accents fell,
As he marked her eager greeting,
And she answered, "It is well."

Well, though one was even lying
In the solemn hush of death,
Not a useless tear or sighing,
Save perchance a quickened breath.

He, her bright-eyed darling, sleeping,
Worn so frail and white by pain,
With his boyish smile to waken,
It might be, no more again.

It was well! — 'tis well to-day,
'Neath the wave or 'neath the sod,
Mourned and honored, or forgotten —
Well — to be at rest in God.

To a Mother.

DEEP in the depths of my baby's eyes,
Who knows what a world of wonder lies,
Of love and beauty and sweet surprise,
Who but his mother?

Close held in the clasp of this little hand,
To give and to bless, to serve and command,
Who but a mother can understand,
Who but his mother?

From the lips and tongue of this rosebud mouth
Sweet as the odors of the south,
What strength and beauty may some time flow,
Who but a mother may pray and know,
Who but his mother?

Around the steps of these little feet,
What hopes, ambitions, and high aims meet!
Which way or whither their pathway tends,
Who but a mother comprehends,
Who but his mother?

Bound by the throbbing of this small heart,
The hopes of a universe, trembling start,
Unmarred and untainted by aught of earth,
Sure as the faith that gives them birth,
Down by the dark and up to the skies,
As the love-light gleams in these sparkling eyes,
His mother knows.

A Timely Question.

Is it worth while to rush, and tear, and fret,
For power and fame and money, and the goal
If the world's hardness, knowing even yet
Apart from these must feed the deathless soul?

Is it worth while to wear the body so,
That all our days are tuned to minor key;
That in our hurry, as we forward go,
We fail to hear th' eternal symphony?

Is it worth while? — so many moons are set
Along the varied valley of our life;
So we but taste the sweetness — the regret —
What need of useless hurry — inane strife?

The Fate of Aaron Burr's Daughter.

Out from the city of Charleston, her sails to the
southern breeze,

There sailed, in that Christmas season, a ship for
the northern seas;

In the bloom of her regal beauty the sorrowing
mother passed,

From the land where her darling slumbered, who
thought it a farewell last.

Who reck'd that the loyal *Patriot* bore on her prow
grim death?

Or that the placid ocean was waiting for living
breath?

Friends that bade her farewell, and noted the snowy
sail

Fill to the breeze, did ye hear not the dirge of a
northern gale?

Was there no dim foreboding, no word of warning
fear,

Or nothing but hope and God-speed for friend and
physician there?

Saddened, across the waters the mother-eyes looked
on,
Till even a speck of that sunny shore apart forever
was gone ;
A sigh for the golden day-dreams, a tear for a fair
boy's grave,
Then a resolute turn to the future, out on the deso-
late wave.

Back and forth on the Battery the father paced at
morn,
Shading his eyes in the sunlight, straining them far
in the dawn ;
Up and down on the Battery often by night and by
day,
Hour after hour as the sun went down over the
widening bay.

Never a sign of his sorrow, never a word of his fear,
Till the glad hope of the morning turned to the
night's despair ;
Only a line in a letter, "severed from man was he"—
Broken in heart and mind, it seems — the *Patriot*
lost at sea.

On the Election of President McKinley.

1900.

You stand to-day, elected
From out a million peers,
The highest honor in your hand
That this free country bears;
And many myriad hearts will bow
And bend the knee in prayer,
Ere you ascend the place assigned,
That Wisdom greet you there.

Since Freedom first her flight essayed
Across the western main,
No man has stood where now you stand,
Nor ever may again,
Removed from party love or hate
As wide as is the sea,
Type of a Truth that bears the weight
Of all humanity.

And not alone this land has fixed
Her eagle eye on thee;
The note of welcome sounds afar,
From sea to further'st sea;
Where'er the English tongue is heard
That tongue will wish thee well,
And glory in the flag unfurled,
Far as its foldings swell.

Gladstone.

Not yet the world has summed him; bye and bye,
When earth has learnt a lesson hardly won,
She well may stand astonished at this man —
The strong and the far-seeing — holding still
The curb on time, and placing oft a brake
On error's wheel, that unborn ages yet
Shall rise and bless him for.

Croatan.

WHAT had they left behind them, those daring
exiles here? —

A land of kith and kindred, and homes of English
cheer?

And what must lie before them? — a future wide
and dim;

At morn the note of prayer and praise, at eve the
vesper hymn.

We know not with what yearnings they watched the
good ship sail,

That brought them safely to these shores, with
hearts that dare not quail,

They looked upon the infant, the wee Virginia Dare,
The first white blossom of the West, with thoughts
of hope and fear.

“We’ll come again,” the master said, “in one short
year from now!”

Alas! there was a death’s head wreathed about that
vessel’s prow;

But none could see or heed it, and none might say
 them nay;

With ringing words of hope and cheer, the good
 ship sailed away.

“And if you meet with bad luck, why, leave a cross
 behind —

A something pointing out the way, and we will
 surely find.”

Through winter’s snow and summer’s heat, through
 rushing of the rain,

With hearts buoyed up with highest hope, they
 looked across the main;

But none may tell the loss of hope, the days of grow-
 ing fear,

When never ship came back again at passing of the
 year;

The child could run and play ere then; they watched
 her growing fast,

And vainly to the ocean turned a tear-dimmed gaze
 at last.

We know not what privations fell, or if that little
 maid,

Sickened and died, and in the dust the wee fair form
 was laid.

We know not what the winter brought, or what the
summer rain,
We only know three years had passed ere white men
came again!

And but one trace was there of man, of woman or
of child —
A word of mystic meaning, unknown, and strange
and wild,
Carved on a tree! What did it mean, of place or
bar or ban?
They left behind them but one sign — this word of
Cro-a-tan.

Death.

DEATH! the avenger! Death! the destroyer!
Death the dread tyrant when earth is our goal;
But an angel of mercy, a messenger holy,
When the Light of the World is the life of the
soul.

The Feast Spread.

“To the healthy soul, life is a continual feast, a banquet spread by one whose resources are without limit.”

Oh! soul, stand still upon the march of life!
What have we here, with strength and beauty rife?
Thy needless toil dismiss, thy strife forbear —
What food for comfort, for reflection here!

To think, when we have passed earth's little span,
It may be that real Life has just began,
That all the wondrous dawning of that Day
Has found us blind, and careless of the way!

What does it mean — this feast so richly spread,
That some approach with trembling and with dread,
Unmindful of the care that safely guides,
Or of the loving forethought that provides?

Faint heart or brave! down on thy knees to-day
For such a glad awakening! — come what may,
Thou stand'st apart — a blessed niche to fill —
Thy needs remembered by Almighty will.

Lines to a Bride.

FROM my sheltered cot in a Southern wood
I would send you a greeting, dear, if I could —
A message sweet as the skies are blue,
Strong and tender, loving and true,
That should run like a thread of burnished gold,
Through your married life from the new to the old.

Years of experience only can tell
We have wedded wisely or loved too well —
Have given our wealth of love untold,
For sordid dross or the heart's best gold,
For the wealth of a life-time, full and true,
Measure for measure, and always new.

Whatever comes in the future dim,
From the dregs of woe to the cup to the brim
Filled to o'erflowing, joyous and free,
I can only wish what God wills for thee;
Knowing full well, from earth's varied store,
From her garnered wealth love could ask no more.

Wm. C. Whitney.

As when a great man dies the world looks on
Its pride of pomp and power for once all gone:
And bares its head — its hoary head that best
Knows but to censure — here at length at rest,
That earth should bring from out her millions given
One such as this — attuned to highest heaven.

Great not in wealth and gifts alone, but heart
Valiant as hero where the waysides part
’Twixt right and wrong, yet mighty to believe
The good in man and of that Faith receive.
A blessing to his race and to his day,
Like sun of beauty with no fading ray.

That when it sets with such a setting rare,
Of good deeds told not here but elsewhere,
In records that old Time’s decaying trace
May never handle, much less dare efface —
The hushed world turneth to the triumph song
That such as he may yet to earth belong.

The Open Grave.

OCTOBER, 1902.

I stood beside an open grave,
One lovely autumn day;
The Faith and Love that yet may save
From me were far away.
I heeded not the foliage fair,
Of crimson and of gold,
I only saw the sepulchre,
With all its grief untold.

“What,” queried Doubt, “is life at best,
A burden and a care,
In age a curse, a sad behest,
In youth at most a snare?”
And then I turned, and o’er the grave
A little floweret grew;
A tiny sprig of living green,
With bloom of palest blue.

Hope blossomed in that little flower,
And Love and Faith were there,

The hot tears fell! I blessed the hour
That taught me trust and prayer;
I saw no more the open grave —
I only saw a bloom,
That grew straight from a living seed
Across the yawning tomb.

So plant we Death — a germ of Life,
In hope and love and tears,
From out the restless human strife,
From all the surging years;
To bloom again, by breezes fanned,
A blossom wondrous fair,
And kissed by sunshine in a land,
Apart from sin and care.

Aunt Nancy.

THOU bearest a name beloved, that to our hearts
Is like the breezes, soft and low, that waft
O'erladen orange groves, where bloom and fruit
Mingle in rich profusion. Thus for thee and thine
We pray rich blessings on thy way, till it may bloom
To fuller beauty in the land of life.

Gone Before.

Thou art not dead! — The soul that smiled in mine
 With all its sweet insistence of the past,
Is happier now, arrayed in garb divine
 In limitless expanses, fair and vast.

Thou art not dead! — not dead indeed to me,
 Who followed thy earth-life with loving jest,
And care that knew not care, so glad and free,
 In the pure beauty of thy presence blest.

Thou art not dead! — thou laidst a garment by,
 With gentleness and patience meekly worn,
Long ere the sun near'd the meridian sky,
 And just in time to catch thy spirit's morn.

Thou knowest enough of earth to minister
 To "heirs" who journey on the upward way,
Thy own and others — and 'tis even here
 Thou wouldst have chosen if 'twas thine to say!

The Fall of a Tree.

An oak-tree stood six hundred years,
Against the storm and breeze,
And lorded it, with sovereign airs,
O'er all the other trees;
It from a tiny acorn grew,
Nurtured by sun and rain,
Kissed by the mighty winds that blew
From o'er the distant main.

At first a slender sapling, bent
By every passing breeze,
Its graceful contour fitly blent
Against the other trees;
And year by year its beauty gained,
Like everything that grows,
Its verdure blessed, its strength sustained
By sun, rain, wind and snows.

At length there came a golden day,
With love and beauty rife,
When every sunbeam paused to play,
With all there was of life:—

A day all other days above,
 So fair it was to see,
The earth below and sky above,
 And all things, glad and free.

A red-bird lit to sing a lay
 Upon the topmost limb;
That slender twig has grown to-day
 A giant, stout and grim;
Another bird the strain hath heard,
 And, lo! a note is given,
In sweetest song to echo long
 Within the groves of heaven.

And very soon a home was planned
 With wondrous skill and care,
Such as on earth no human hand
 Could ever fashion there;
Then, gently swaying in the breeze,
 Some little lives were blest,
And no one knew — but just a few —
 That 'twas a red-bird's nest!

And summers came and winters passed,
 And many changes new,

Around were seen, in grey and green,
Yet still the oak-tree grew
A thing of beauty every day,
The home of many a bird,
Where happy squirrels loved to play,
And notes of joy were heard.

Alas! there came another day,
A day of ruth and ill,
When creatures paused at work or play,
And trembled and stood still;
Each beast and bird a strange noise heard,
A spring was much distressed,
And rude dismay that noisome day
Assailed the red-bird's nest.

The mighty oak-tree trembled
From base to topmost limb:
Its quivering resembled
The passage, dark and grim,
That some great hero meeteth
When all his life is done,
And time and distance fleeteth
At life's dread set of sun.

That tree had breasted many a storm,
In centuries gone by;
Another queen its youth had seen,
'Neath England's cloudy sky.
The bright New World beyond the seas
Was never dreamed of then,
Its prime had caught the echoes wrought
By ever-warring men.

The hoary oak-tree trembled,
It shivered and it fell,
A mighty fall that shook them all
From hill to deepest dell;
The end of Nature seemed to be
In the monarch's fall,
For none could know what laid it low,
Or what else might befall.

Take Heart of Grace.

TAKE heart of grace, dear soul, that throbs to-day
With mortal's own misgiving! — look above
The doubts and heartaches that beset thy way,
And see through Faith and Hope divinest love.

Take heart of grace! — The world is full indeed
Of strong, true soul-lights! — travellers every
one —
Who tell by daily patience, hourly deed,
That they, too, bask in life's eternal sun.

Take heart of grace! — Tho' sin or sorrow hide
The Daylight from thy view, it yet is there,
And on Time's wave flows a resistless tide,
That yet shall work a miracle e'en here.

Take heart of grace! — The promises for thee,
Are sure and certain as when they were new;
And one day it may be thine eyes shall see,
In God's good time, a wide and glorious view.

Take heart of grace! — The soul that faints to-day,
Nor gathers needful strengthening while it can,
Will fail and falter at a greater day,
When earth no longer labors 'neath a ban; —

A ban of her own making. Never yet
The All-wise Father hath decreed us ill;
Then up and up, O soul, beyond regret
And all that clogs thy higher, holier will.

Grandma.

ONLY a line, and just a line, to tell,
That as the years pass by I love thee well;
Thy love is mine, and mine thy greater joy —
And not alone because is mine thy boy —
But just because I am a mother, too,
And Love has joined us — God be thanked, 'tis
so!

What Mean These Words?

“EVERY door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys.”

Within a Christian (?) country, what mean such words as these?

That Mammon walks abroad at noon, a god of brass and gold:

And sits within the temples, a rare sight to behold,
And counts his subjects by the score, aye, by the million now;

That wisdom, intellect and wit low at his footstool bow;

That beauty, purity and truth have long been slaves to him —

No wonder that our eyes are blind, for *dust* has made them dim —

Oh! for a prophet, seer of old, to sweep the film away,

And usher in by word and deed the long-sought better day.

The New South.

HALF bashful of her strength she stands to-day,
And knowing well the hard and devious way
She hath come up — a path that tends
To strength and beauty, that shall make amends
For all the glorious sisterhood to be —
None more virile or beautiful than she.

Land of our dearest hopes! we saw her dwell
Among her kindred, striving yet to quell,
The horror that must be. In woe and pain,
We watched her coming to her own again,
A queen of peoples, greatest in distress,
And strong through suffering to heal and bless.

Land of the cedar, palmetto and pine,
Linked with all growth of fairest worth is thine;
Turn to thy children! — at their feet to-day
Lieth a casket! — open it who may
Finds wondrous treasure bursting from it still,
Thy homes and garners with true worth to fill:

The past is buried in the weight of years,
There let it rest with all its hopes and fears;
And upward, onward, urge thy way to-day
Where hope and honor beckon thee away.
Thou shalt fulfil thy destiny sublime;
Thy sons shall rank with earth's in every clime.

To N. G.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1903.

God's love upon her tender heart,
All o'er the rugged way;
God's patience on her gentle soul
Along the weary day.
His tenderness upon her grief,
That ever bows to share,
And for the darkness of her night,
His all-absorbing care.

Christian Resignation.

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.”

WE fashioned two little coffins,
And lined them with snowy white,
And hid our beautiful darlings
Away from our tear-dimmed sight.
The house was still and silent,
No baby fingers nigh;
Our hearts were sore and saddened,
And the years went speeding by.

But out in the far dim Future,
We built us a palace fair,
A temple of Hope, that God would keep
And cherish our darlings there;
And that some day in the unknown
Side by side we should stand,
And clasp to our hearts our own again
In the light of the better land.

And then one day, in a summer,
Another spirit came,
White from the hands of its Maker,
Our love and our care to claim:
A dear little dimpled darling,
Sweet and fair to behold,
With eyes as blue as the heaven's hue,
And hair with a glint of gold.

We trust in the nearing Future,
To clasp our loved again,
With never a touch on their infant brows
Of sin or sorrow or pain.
But oh! for the dimpled darling
That lies in our arms to-day,
We can only bless with the seer of old,
"Who gives and who takes away."

The Old Religion.

THEY say the world is changing,
That faith is growing stale,
That other cults and finer creeds
Must very soon prevail;
That human minds, enlarging,
Strive for a wider love
Than earth has ever cherished
From him who dwells above.

Give me the old religion
They taught me when a child,
The wisdom of the ages
In beauty undefiled:
The strength that thrives in weakness,
The love that never stays,
For time or death or changes,
The blessed Light of Days.

The saints and martyrs knew it,
Whatever men may say,
The glory of the ages
Still lights the world to-day:

They broke the path before us,
A narrow way they trod;
And still it leads, and only,
Straight to our Saviour — God.

A Name.

We cannot all be wealthy,
In money or in fame,
But each may win a niche of earth,
And for himself a name.
A place beside the altar
Men call an earthly home,
Where human love an image rears,
Unmarred by sin or gloom.

A name upon some human hearts,
That time shall not efface,
But gild it with a halo rare,
In golden letters trace.
Oh! grander than a hero's fame
As told in song and story,
And lovelier, fairer than the same,
This name of household glory!

The Coming of the Christ Child.

Across the eastern countries
A wondrous rumor came,
That yet in its fulfilment
Should set the world aflame;
From the far past of ages,
A hopeful dawning first,
Until upon the blessed night
A radiant daylight burst.

The holy prophets knew it,
And sent the message on;
A king, we read, was troubled,
And wise men dwelt upon,
And many hearts in Israel
Waited with hope and fear
The long-expected advent
That drew so surely near.

Across the eastern midnight
A mighty message ran;
There had been nothing like it
E'er since the world began;

It gleamed upon the heavens,
 A starry beacon bright,
And sages travelled from afar,
 Led by its moving light.

Some said a King was coming,
 With powers manifold,
And many looked in earnest for
 A crown of power and gold;
A King of earthly splendor,
 Of David's royal tree,
To crush the hated Roman,
 And set his people free.

But from the Judean mountains
 A man and maiden came,
To David's town of Bethlehem,
 To enroll their kingly name;
And Mary, gentle Mary, rode
 Upon a lowly beast,
While angels watched that journey rough,
 The highest and the least.

The little town of Bethlehem
 Was crowded through and through;

The good man of the inn, he said :

“I have no room for you.”

But when he saw the Virgin

And marked her tender state,

He gave them all he had — the stall

Where meek-eyed oxen ate.

And lo! upon that blessed night

A little babe was born,

And cradled in a manger rough

Before the earliest dawn.

Ah! if those crowds in Bethlehem

Had known the infant King,

How they would have hastened forth

Their royal gifts to bring.

He needed not, that first glad night,

Man's homage or their cheer ;

The angels thronged about his cot,

And love and light were there.

And o'er the plains of Bethlehem

Hosannahs burst the sky,

And roused the shepherds from their sleep

And told the wonder night.

And still upon each Christmas night
We hear their song again,
Of peace and glory and good-will
To all the sons of men.
Though the old world has listened long
The story is not old,
While angels sing and men rejoice
O'er Bethlehem's precious fold.

Little Cecil.

So fair a child, so sweet a cherub, lent
To gladden all our pathway! Day by day,
We watched the bud unfolding, Heaven-sent,
Until so sudden it was borne away.
The angels hovered o'er him from his birth,
And scanned with wistful eyes his path below —
So much of heaven, so little of the earth —
I think we shall be thankful when we know.

The Labor of the Hands.

THERE are two little workers
Working side by side,
They always pull together,
Whatever may betide;
And they have done the grandest work
Ever wrought by men
With chisel or with hammer, or
With pencil or with pen.

They rear'd the old, old cities,
That baffle men to-day,
Before the power of science
Had lent its mighty sway;
And they have spann'd the ocean,
And turned the glowing west
From forest wild to cities wide, ~
In wealth and beauty drest.

There is no task they cannot do,
With patience and with skill;
The vast machinery they form'd
Is subject to their will;

The powers of mind and matter
Attend their swiftest speed,
The fire of heaven has lent itself
To feed their latest greed.

The world is teeming with their work,
And they are toiling still,
O'er land and ocean, far and wide,
O'er valley, plain and hill,
And they have knit the wide, wide earth
With gold and iron bands.
All honor to their work! 'tis but
The labor of their hands.

H. M. S.

Your pictured face looks out to me to-day,
Just as serene and happy as of old;
Indeed, it seems the canvas has a way
Of gentle speech and sentence manifold;
Yet more than twenty years have hurried by.
Since last I looked into your radiant face,
And now it seems (or does the picture lie?)—
The years have added only strength and grace?

Anent the War.

OVER the roar of cannon and the whirr of the bullet's hail,

And over the carnage and slaughter that always in war prevail,

The shrinking courage of women and the children's nameless fear,

The wail of the Kishineff victims sounds ever loud and clear.

Spite of the pitiful justice meted in later days,

Spite of the weakening monarch scanning the peaceful ways;

Even and always we hear it, beside and before, in the ban —

Where the battle is raging the hottest — the moan of the tortured man.

Ever and always heeding the world of thought leads on —

Thousands of graves unnumbered, thousands of good men gone;

Ever and always listening — who torture the He-
brew here —
Must reckon with Abraham's Master — must bend
to the whip-lash near.

Over the hail of the bullets, the bursting of boat
and shell,
Beyond the roar of the cannon, sounding the sea-
men's knell,
Mingled with strife of the nations, a clear stern
whisper runs —
Beyond the heat of the conflict, and over the boom-
ing guns.

Lost.

A GOLDEN opportunity
That never can return
However much we strive for it
Or hope or wait or yearn.

A human love — so beautiful,
With bliss akin to pain,
And hallowed by the veil of years
That never comes again.

A living soul, once clear and pure,
And sparkling in its spring
That back to life and light and hope
No power on earth can bring.

No power on earth! The fading past,
The changes and the sod,
Have stamped and sealed it for all time,
But nought is lost with God!

Over the Tay.

DECEMBER 28, 1879.

WE stood on the little platform,
And the dear mother said goodbye!
And we noticed the tear-drop tremble
That shone in her lustrous eye.

"Only a week — seven days —
Then home again, mother dear!"
The father cheerily uttered,
But he could not stay that tear.

Then into the iron monster!
Over the rails away,
On to our destination,
On to the Bridge of Tay.

And we thought of the dear ones at home —
Mother and little Jane;
And the fierce wind whistled away,
And downward pattered the rain.

There was father and Bob and I
Going to see Uncle Will;
A week in the town for country folk,
But the cruel wind whistled still.

Slowly, surely we near'd the Bridge,
And said, "We'll soon be there!"
Yet we nestled together closer,
For we felt a horrible fear,

But the father whispered bravely,
Amid the mighty wind,
"My boys, we'll offer up a prayer
With the dear ones left behind!"

He spoke! and he held us nearer —
We were over the surging Tay;
Another minute, and we were safe;
So we bowed our heads to pray.

A mighty blast and a mightier fall,
A feeling of horror dread;
We had stopped! we had gained the other side!
We were sinking — ay! sinking instead.

We felt the cold chill of the water,
 We looked to the Giver of breath,
And, locked in each other's arms,
 We sank in the folds of death.

Fated bridge o'er noble Tay;
 Few heard the smothered cry;
A blast, a struggle, and a prayer,
 And down they sink to die.

Can this be well! we doubting ask,
 Hush! for He knoweth best,
And at His time, and in His way,
 He gives his loved ones rest.

To a Beautiful Woman.

So fair and pure and yet so strong withal,
Thou daughter of the centuries, holding well
A lease on time, and yet apart to-day
Thy jewel of a soul, well-poised, well-set
And shedding radiance wide.

An Incident of a Fire.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 26, 1882.

SMASHING through the *debris*,
Over the burning wood,
On 'mid the smoke and the smother —
There where a cradle stood;

While its tiny occupant, trembling,
Lay between life and death,
Unnoticed amid the glare and the din,
Fanned by a demon's breath!

And a mother's heart was wailing
A prayer to the God above
For her darling's weal, in the pitiful tones
That thrill forth a mother's love.

It was but the work of a minute —
Only the test of the man —
And the mother received her child again
And never a hurt could she scan.

And the hero passed from her presence
Unmarked in the tumult wild,
With reward that was greater than mortal's —
He had saved the life of a child!

Courage, Grit, Honor.

THERE is something better than money,
With all that money can buy;
Something stronger than love itself,
Though love can never die:
Some men will call it courage,
And others pronounce it grit,
But I like the name old-fashioned —
The name of honor — for it.

'Tis fairer than woman's beauty,
Purer than infant's brow,
Greater than any place or power,
Than even the Death-King now;
The body may die, but it liveth,
Through all the ages to be —
The right of a soul to uphold itself,
Untrammelled and true and free.

A Fable.

A LITTLE sheep was browsing
 Within a pasture fair,
Unmindful of a hungry wolf
 That lurked so slyly near.

It was a happy little sheep,
 Of a contented mind:
Alas! the woodland lay before,
 The pasture green behind.

And bye and bye in brownest garb,
 With mien and voice serene,
The sly old wolf came out and browsed
 Upon the pasture green.

She chatted with the little sheep,
 And said, "I'll take you where —
Beyond the woodland, up a hill —
 There lies a pasture fair.

"The grass is long and lush and green,
Beyond your knowledge here,
You are a likely little sheep,
And I will lead you there."

With guileless brow she listened
And trusting heart within,
But in the darkest woodland
The old wolf *took her in!*

To a Minister of the Gospel.

ABOVE, yet close about thy people here,
A consecrated life be thine to bear,
Divinest charity that knows no fear,
And loving favor — strong to persevere.

The First Thanksgiving.

As we gather around the board to-day,
In a spirit of thankful praise,
Let us take a glance down the backward way
To the first of Thanksgiving days.

And turn our minds to the olden time,
When this wide land was new,
And a foreign soil and a stranger clime
Sheltered the gallant few.

The harvest season two months near,
Their bread gave out, we read,
And but a pint of corn was there
For all their bitter need.

What did they do — that little band —
The hostile savage nigh,
A starving few in an unknown land!
Did they curse their God and die?

Ah! no; for they were made of stuff
Of Nature's firmest mould;
Though fate be never yet so rough,
Their hearts were twice as bold.

They gathered on an open space,
Men, women, children all,
And looked right squarely in the face
Whatever might befall.

And then upon the virgin sod,
Beneath the bright blue sky,
They knelt and prayed their leader, God,
To keep His succor nigh.

Dividing that one pint of corn,
They ate in faith and prayer,
Nor dwelt upon the hope forlorn,
That held them constant there.

And when the precious corn at last
Its crimson tassels hung,
They made a feast to break their fast,
And went their foes among.

And asked three hundred red men
To celebrate the day,
When Hope for them looked up again
Upon the rugged way.

And bountiful the feast they laid
Their recent foe before:
Wild turkey from the forest glade,
And venison galore.

No stint of bread or meat was there
Though rude the board might be —
A grass-plot in the open air,
Yet generous, thankful, free.

A Minister's Wife.

A PERFECT Poem, fair and pure,
Whose matchless beauty shall endure;
A mother-heart that bows and sways,
To purer living — holier days.

The New Year.

AND yet another on the rack of life,
Tender and fair,
Exposed to all its ever-varying strife —
The new-born year.

To blossom forth in beauty with the spring,
And summer's glow,
Autumn's rich fruitage o'er the world to fling
And die 'mid snow.

Minutes and hours and swiftly passing days,
So many and no more,
Oh! feeble infant, with thy first shy gaze,
What hast before?

Will it be weal or woe or murky care,
Or hearts at rest?
Yet silence! well I know that even there
Is guidance blest.

March Winds.

I LOVE the blustery winds of March
That are so rough and free;
They toss about and caper so,
And roar of liberty,
And ever on the fresh'ning air
Sweet violets' breath they fling,
That comes to me from other days
Of dear old England's spring.

You may shiver by your firesides
And there you'll never know,
That in these winds so much abused
Is life's ecstasie glow;
But don your hat and warmest cloak
And sally forth to-day;
How keen it is! how young you feel,
How brisk you step away.

I love the blustery winds of March.
They sing a song to me,
Of hope and life, and anchor strong
Upon life's roughest sea;

And with the violet's fragrance
That they must ever bring,
Rough but kindly 'round my path
A blessing rich they fling.

Use your Talent.

If you have only one talent,
And it the eleventh hour,
Do not despair nor put it away —
Who knoweth its untried power?

No matter how small or how lowly,
That gift is yours alone;
And just as you use it, soon or late,
It will fit you for chain or throne.

Then up with your head triumphant,
That somewhere to you is given
A place that fits in the Master's plan
Under the arch of heaven.

By the Logwood Fire.

As I sit by the logwood fire,
In the blaze of its cheerful glow,
Watching the daring flames leap higher,
And the ruddy depths below,

I think of the wayward passions
That mar the bright hopes of man;
Of the ruddy glow in the heart below
That should prove in the end their ban.

And I sigh, alas! for their failure,
Fading and dying away,
Till there's nothing left but the space bereft,
And the heap of ashes gray.

But the fire is bright and glowing,
And fierce beyond my ken,
And a better feeling comes o'er me
Of the ways and the deeds of men.

And I think of the ceaseless striving,
Of the snares and temptations met,
Trodden and crushed and trampled down,
Till all are with life-blood wet.

Of the many deeds done in the darkness,
Bright with the sun's own light,
Of the brave endeavor, faltering never,
To conquer the wrong with the right.

And I read in the glowing embers
That fall from the flames above,
A wonderful scroll of the years that roll
In letters of hope and love.

A Picture.

THE baby wears a winsome face,
And Grandma bears a winsome grace —
Look smiling on the mother-eyes,
That borrow something from the skies.

Trinity Church.

We carried our dead when our hearts were sore
With their weight of woe through that open door,
And laid him to rest by the chancel there
For the benediction and the prayer,
Assured that life in the unknown giveth
A home and a rest where the absent liveth.

And the bride came there with her flower-like face,
In the winsome bloom of her maiden grace,
Her white robe swept the sacred floor,
Her hand a white-bound prayer-book bore;
A mist in her eyes, an awe in her voice,
As she plighted her troth to the man of her choice,
And passed down the aisle a vision bright
As ever gladdened our mortal sight.

We came again when the years had sped,
And brought the babe with the sunkissed head,
And gave him back to his Maker there,
By the solemn vow and the earnest prayer,

And our hearts were still in their holy joy —
That God had accepted our infant boy.
Strong in our faith that he should live
Redeeming the promise 'twas ours to give.

Longfellow.

MARCH 24, 1882.

LONGFELLOW dead? You jest forsooth!
Death means oblivion. And when can genius die?
Within a darkened chamber of that silent house
The form that garb'd a poet's soul may lie
Inanimate to-day; but, oh! not Longfellow!
His "foot-prints in the sands of time" shall outlive
time,
E'en to eternity!

And yet you tell us right! That noble brow
With honor crowned and years; those soul-lit eyes,
The Poet's humane heart, are now no more!
Aye! weep, Columbia, o'er thy gifted dead, and
let an anthem swell
That such an one has lived, for not the
Poet only, but the man was God-like.

Innocence and Guilt.

AN artist wanted a model,
Of innocence pure and fair;
He searched through the city in vain
To find what he wanted there.

So into the country he went,
The country smiling and fair,
Where the sweet summer roses bloomed
And the hay-mows scented the air.

And, strolling along, he came
To a hamlet, peaceful and still;
Where the children played in the grassy lanes
And the wheat waved on the hill.

He came at length to a cottage;
He smiled at the children near;
And paused at length by a wicket gate,
He had found his model here.

A boy of some few short summers,
With a wealth of golden hair,
That tossed in natural ringlets
At the bid of the summer air.

A child with a face that blossomed,
Like the roses in the lane:
A shaded brow and deep blue eyes,
Strangers to sin and pain.

And the artist painted the picture,
The little bare legs and the feet,
The chubby hands and the rounded arms,
And the face so pure and sweet.

It was only a cottage child,
In purity's angel fold;
A simple picture true to the life,
Yet it brought him fame and gold.

For women gazed upon it
With eyes that grew less bright,
And strong men's hearts were strangely moved
As at a spirit's flight.

Many years after, the artist
 Resolved to seek and find,
A companion to the picture,
 And guilt was in his mind.

He did not go to the country,
 Ah! no; in the haunts of men,
Where the houses loomed the thickest,
 He sought his model then.

Where squalor, misery and want,
 Jostled side by side,
'Mid sickening death and grim disease,
 He sought, unsatisfied.

At length he entered prison walls,
 Where, in the light of day,
Barred from the world and manacled,
 A wretched felon lay.

His matted hair hung dark and thick,
 His eyes were dim and wild;
His form in rags, his language coarse —
 He was a thing defiled.

The artist shuddered as he looked,
And yet his gifted eye
Beheld the model that it craved
Before him wretched lie.

He bade the murderer rise and stand,
And while his picture sped
He kindly talked; the man condemned
Hung low his wretched head.

"I painted once a picture,"
The artist's voice was mild,
He told what I have told, rang out
"I was that little child!"

"Alas! what brought you to this place,
To crime's disastrous brink?"
And he replied in hoarse accents,
"Man's cruel curse of drink."

The Burial of Tennyson.

Aye! Bend the knee and bare the brow,
Before yon simple bier,
More than a monarch lieth low —
More than a king is here.

No common sceptre did he wield
The souls of men to sway;
No blood-bought crown on battle's field
O'er his rich dust shall lay.

Bring lilies and immortelles white,
The laurel and the bay,
And roses bright with love's own light,
Upon his tomb to lay.

And north and south, and east and west,
And lands beyond the sea,
Both near and far, who loved him best
In godlike sympathy;

Draw near the last respects to pay
To England's gifted son,
Who yet in many a sweetest lay
Shall in our hearts live on.

The Railroad Boys.

GAY MOORE AND CHARLIE PORTER.

(NOVEMBER 22, 1903.)

With the hand upon the throttle,
And the death-dew on the face,
Swaying down the darkened mountain —
God in heaven — what a race!
Well they knew beside the head-lights
Death was coming swiftly on,
Youth and hope and life's ambition
Instantly, forever gone.

If the down-grade through life's valley
Were of life the brightest part,
Well might women mourn their dearest —
Streaming eyes and breaking heart.
God be thanked! There is an upgrade,
Leading to the land of light —
Who shall say they have not made it
Through the horror of that night?

Lines,

ADDRESSED TO THE STATE ORGANIZER, SONS OF TEMPERANCE,
DURING A TRIP IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

I CANNOT send you forth, my love,
As heroes went of old,
With shining helmet, sword and shield,
And cross of glittering gold.

But I can bid you go to-day
To fight as cruel a foe,
As any the crusaders fought
In days long time ago.

A foe that spares not man or maid,
Or wife, or babe at breast,
Whose thirst for blood is never quenched,
Who knows no tire nor rest.

Go, with the shining helmet, *Faith*,
That God will right the wrong,
True liberty shall dawn at length
To those who suffer long.

Thy sword, the living *Word of God*,
To strike the monster dead,
Thy *Shield*, His never failing care,
Through all the paths you tread.

The *Cross* the old crusaders wore
Take for a victor's crest;
Be strong, be true, be fearless, bold,
And leave to God the rest.

God's Mercy.

AND hast thou sinned? Then draw apart to-day,
And bless thy God for all the wondrous way
His love hath led thee: ever guiding on —
Unknown to thee — until thy crown is won.

Mother's Day.

You must wake ere day — ere the chanticleer
Has voiced his cry on the still night air;
You must make the fire and the breakfast get,
And not forget your yeast to set.

You must fix it soon, ere the morning light,
Moulding it twice, and bake ere night;
Grind the coffee and chat awhile,
And bid "good bye" with a cheerful smile
To the helpmeet who thinks of you all day long,
And tries to make your life a song.

Then call the children, and hear their prayers,
Give 'em their breakfast and still their fears;
Wash their faces and comb their hair,
Button their clothes and lunch prepare,
And send them rejoicing on their way
To the blessed school, and turn and stay
The baby's fears, and bathe him, too,
And keep him bright and free from woe;
And wash the dishes, and sweep, and clean,
And read your Bible and news between.

You must milk and churn, if a cow you possess,
And feed the chickens — they all will bless;
And make the beds, and mend the clothes,
And get the dinner — no time to lose;
For study will make the children yearn
For the hour of noon and the home return;
So have it ready, the table neat,
Big baby in and the little one sweet;
And if you must really read or write,
Why, get it done ere the hours of night.

You must answer the door and be polite
To the picture man and the borrowing blight;
You must always be neat and cheerful, too,
So the children will think no mother like you
Can ever by any chance be found
In any part of the earth's wide bound;
A simple supper and early to bed,
A talk and a kiss — for each wee head,
Then wash the dishes and sweep the floor,
And thank your Maker for one day more.

Merrie Christmas?

WHEN the wolf is at the door,
And no coal is in the bin,
And there's sawdust on the floor,
How let Merrie Christmas in?
With his frolic and his laughter,
How make room for Santa Claus,
Joy and litter following after
For the happy girls and boys?

When the sawdust on the floor
Comes from wood that's darkly got,
And no smoke goes up before
The lonesome and the empty pot;
How make room for Merrie Christmas,
With its frolic and its cheer,
When no ray of hope is dawning
And "Ole Pete" is hovering near?

Hearts that tremble when the season
Comes around for childhood's joys,
Often without rhyme or reason,
Always with so much of noise,

Look not in, but outward ever —
Something may be near to cheer;
Lend a hand, and now if ever
Give some gladness to the year.

Ox-eye Daisies by Moonlight.

WEIGHTED with dew beneath the moon's pale glow,
A field of daisies gleaming weirdly white,
Looking like fairies thronging there below,
Lending mysterious beauty to the night.

Gentlest of breezes stealing softly by,
Yet lingering shyly on each upturned face,
As if in blessing, with almost a sigh,
And leaving just a hint of swaying grace.

So, mutely eloquent and sweetly still,
The daisies murmur with no uttered word,
Above, about them, lies the wooded hill —
Hushed to their slumber notes of bee and bird.

The First Rose.

THE first rose of summer, all blooming and gay,
And lifting its head on a morning in May,
Woody by the sunshine and kissed by the breeze,
And sheltered by shade of the sweet maple trees.

The first rose of summer! June brides will be here,
To crown with their beauty the blossoming year,
And school will be out and children at play,
And teachers be off, away and away.

The first rose of summer, a wee maiden fair,
The kiss of the morning that gleams in her hair,
Tells to my heart, as the blue of her eyes,
Somewhere in the future a glad summer lies,

Untainted by sorrow, unmarred by regret,
Forgotten of all life's worry and fret,
And sweet as the rose, with its petals so fair,
That nods to me gaily — the first of the year.

The Day Dawn.

A SOMETHING indefinable, uncertain, misty grey,
That is not light or darkness, yet surely heralds
day —

A dimming of the lesser lights, a solitary star,
Gradually receding, like some faint hope afar.

A daring streak of silver athwart the Eastern sky,
A changing of the lower world, a mightier change
on high,

For grey has turned to silver, and silver unto gold,
And all the morning's beauties, around, above un-
fold,

And soon from out the golden hue a dazzling mon-
arch gleams,

And sends the pulsing life-blood through a thousand
waiting streams,

And wakes the feathered songsters, and opens every
flower,

And rouses drowsy mortals at labor's gifted hour.

And many feet are stirring, and busy hands and
brain,

And hearts that throb with varied beat renew their
life again;

The warfare of the world goes on with mighty throb
and throe,

And nature keeps her pace beside each deed of weal
or woe.

And lo! another day-dawn breaks o'er the sunrise
hills,

'Tis very faint and far as yet, but all the wide earth
fills,

And from ten myriad voices and hearts that bear the
strife,

The hope that this dawn gives ascends in words of
fire and life.

The Optimist.

EVERYTHING is our own,

The earth, the sea and the air;
The sky above, and the wealth of love
That foldeth us everywhere.

Everything is our own,

To love and cherish and win,
From the heavenly birth to the lowliest earth—
All but the taint of sin.

That belongs to the devil,

Whatever others may say;
For the wealth of life is ever at strife
With evil every day.

Everything is our own;

Away with all slavish fear;
The Hand that made has never been stayed
In its bountiful largess here.

Pea Vines in November.

PEA vines abloom by the river,
Lulled by its peaceful flow,
Down in the sand, blessed by the hand
That surely the fairies know.

Pea vines abloom in November,
Under this season bland;
We can eat peas in December
When Yule-tide is at hand;

What mystery rides in the moon-beams,
What alchemy worketh to-day,
That the first crop of next season
Is already under way?

Oh! come, says a skeptical Northman
You planted them there by stealth,
And, slyly and daily tending,
You nursed them up to health.

Pea vines abloom in November
Out on a bar of sand,
Come if you fail to believe it,
And see this wonderful land.

Where summer saunters till Christmas,
And breezes of June are here,
With roses and daisies and violets
To garland the dying year.

Good Friday.

STUPENDOUS sacrifice on Calvary's hill!
The world has turned and yet will turn once
more
Appaled, and with her throbbing heart all still —
That such a Fruit her lustful sinning bore.

To a Feathered Visitor.

[Many bird-lovers have noticed the return in vast numbers to our groves of the canary birds (so called), after an absence of several years.]

WHAT are you doing in gold and green,

You wee little bird to-day?

'Tis many a year since you were seen

Up in the hills this way.

Have you come from lands of the orange bright? —

Its livery you wear.

Have you left its heat, its wondrous light,

To stay with us up here?

We welcome you back to our groves to-day,

So gay, so cunning are you:

So friendly and bright, we hope you will stay,

A link of the old with the new.

The naughty sparrow may quarrel and fight,

But you just leave him alone.

For you have a place that is yours by right —

Let him keep his wooden throne.

The bowers and the trees are all for you,
The sun and the breeze and the rain ;
So, dear little bird, to our homestead new
We welcome you back again.

Sins of Omission.

God keep us from the weighty sin
That looms adown the years —
Unknown without, yet veiled within
By countless sighs and tears.
The healing word unspoken,
The message sent too late,
The easy promise broken —
So-called a ruthless fate.

Sometimes a prompting cometh
From source unknown to me,
To take a certain pathway —
Another soul to see —
And if I slight the call to-day —
Or careless let it go —
God give us grace upon the way
To shun remorse's throe.

Easter.

A NOTE of peace and gladness,
A song of joy most high ;
A pean of thanksgiving,
Fills all the earth and sky :
No more can death triumphant
Hold man in gloomy thrall ;
For Love Divine hath conquered,
And giveth life to all.

Oh! hearts bowed down with sorrow,
Lift up your gaze to-day ;
And grief that knows no morrow,
Cast from thee, far away ;
The very heavens brighten,
The old earth smiles anew,
A message that can lighten
Your burden comes to you.

Yet, why will hearts, oft erring,
From gladness turn away,
And shun the brother sharing
Our very life to-day ?

Alas! that Easter morning
Should find the wide earth still,
Despite her gay adorning,
Subject to every ill.

A Word.

You lent a helping hand
To a sinner by the way;
You did not understand
The deed you did that day!
'Twas like the living seed
On fertile ground that fell —
Across the desert's screed
As bloom of asphodel.

'Twas nothing but a tender word
Along the busy way,
Yet one weak brother trembling heard
And checked his speed that day:
A rope unto a drowning man,
A brake on down-hill grade —
I think an Angel paused to scan
The record that you made.

Autumn.

THE melancholy days, forsooth! — I call them days
of cheer,

The gladdest and the merriest of all the happy year,
When Nature takes a holiday, with all her garnered
store,

And decks with riotous coloring the falling leaves
the more.

I cannot see the sadness, when all around is gay —
When blush of morning splendor reveals the coming
day:

When old dame Nature dons her robe of purple and
of gold,

And decks her with the rainbow hues in beauty
manifold.

Away with thoughts of sadness! — fruition time is
here,

And soon the joys of Christmas will crown the
happy year;

With thankful hearts and voices we raise a joyous
song,

And speed the goodwill of the day in chorus grand
along.

A Rose in November.

WHAT dost thou here, a-blooming on thy stem,
At this late hour, thou summer's diadem?
Or hath it happened that some fairy hand
Hath laid a talisman upon the land,
That thus thou bloomest so serenely here,
When other skies are dull and cold and drear?

Back o'er the years, as far as I remember,
A synonym for dullness was November;
With sleet and rain and cruelly chilling blast,
All verdure hurrying to its doom at last;
Yet here thou art, as beauteous and as fair
As if the warm June sunshine filled the air.

I think of some dear spirits I have known,
Just like a rose in beauty fully blown,
And sweetest when the frosts were coming on,
And the long year with all its hopes was gone;
Glad to be fragrant, thankful at the last,
For all the summer's fullness — tempests passed.

A Grand Thought.

No matter what straits you travel through,
No matter what burdens come to you,
 An uphill road,
 And a heavy load —
“For back of it all is God!”

Should blinding sorrow be your ban,
Affection blighted — curse of man! —
 And carking care
 Lie everywhere —
“Yet back of it all is God.”

Though brutal war the nations shake,
And homes to their foundations quake,
 And greed and strife
 Mar human life —
“Yet back of it all is God.”

If Christians bend the knee in prayer,
And worship Mammon everywhere,
 With selfish mien
 And eye serene —
Yet “back of it all is God.”

The Camp-Fire.

By sunny Cuba's well fought slopes,
In isles beyond the sea,
'Neath mothers' prayers and sweethearts' hopes,
By many a stranger tree,
The soldier-laddies' camp fires
Glow in the solemn night,
Afar from home, by beach and coomb,
A very gladsome sight.

Where grewsome China martyred
Her victims by the score;
When hand in hand with brother's sons
They marched the Orient o'er;
'Neath burning skies in lands afar,
Where icy north winds blow,
By many a shore in climes galore,
The ruddy camp-fires glow.

So by earth's love of freedom,
Wherever truth holds sway,
We welcome in their fullness,
The tented hosts to-day.

Long may the genial camp-fire,
By hill and coast and glen,
Till war shall cease in endless peace.
Glow in the hearts of men.

The Mine at Hot Springs.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. RUMBROUGH.)

I LIKE that mine with its mighty depths,
As deep as the deep blue sea,
And eight miles long! but I want to know
Where will Hot Springs be,
When they delve, and blast, and undermine
That wee wee vale so far —
The lovely falls and the wondrous springs
And the beauties of nature there?
The groves and the walks and the circling hills,
If that mine is four miles square!
My fond heart sinks — and I'd like to know
Where is Hot Springs — where?
Will they sink it low to Limbo,
Whence they told me the waters ran,
Or hoist it up on the mountains,
As high as ever they can?

An Autumn Walk.

A SUSPICION of frost in the air, that yet was a fresh-
ening breeze;
More than a suspicion of winter in the many-tinted
trees;
Over the hill and the valley, with steps that were
light and free,
Drinking in draughts of that life-giving air, merrily
sauntered we.

The shy little rabbit scurried out of our path away,
And the busy squirrel peeped at us, but never paused
to stay;
The blue-bird showed his brilliant hue, yet hopped
away so shy,
And from the vale came often up the quail's short,
plaintive cry.

The golden rod upon the hill gleamed radiant in the
sun,
The purple daisy in the shade, the wild grapes every
one

Put forth their radiant beauty as if to greet us there,
And gladdened all the wildwood where everything
was fair.

And then, with lingering footsteps we passed on
through the wood,

Where Nature's own cathedral in sheeny radiance
stood;

The friendly trees were interlaced, and met above
our head,

From lowest unto topmost bough they gleamed with
gold and red.

Small wonder that we heeded not the dead leaves at
our feet;

Each new and changing beauty we had enough to
greet;

The crimson of the dogwood, the hickory's golden
hue,

It seemed to us enchanted land that we were passing
through.

And then we climbed the mountain, with thoughts
of never fail,

And when we reached the summit the breeze was
nigh a gale,

And, sitting down, we rested, and let our vision rove
O'er mountain, field and valley, and many a gleaming
 grove.

The mountains on our left with clouds were making
 friends;
Just at their base the river, a line of silver, wends;
While far and near, in front and rear, the houses dot
 the hills,
And nestle in the valley, by many murmuring rills.

The sun was sinking in the west as we walked
 briskly home;
A purple glory wrapt the hills, soon merged in
 nightly gloom;
Our walk had taught us many things, apart from
 joy and mirth —
How grandly fair, how wondrous rare is all the
 good of earth.

Hemp.

(He who runs may read.)

THE clothes line hung in an airy place,
Wed to the sun and the breeze,
And often displayed, with wayward grace,
A bloom like the bloom of trees;
Flaunting colors of red and blue,
With many a frill bedight —
Colors, indeed, of every hue,
And always the snowy white.

The door-mat lay on a shady place,
Where never breezes stirred,
And nothing of beauty or of grace
About it was seen or heard:
It grumbled a little at its lot,
With hardly a ray to tell,
Dusty and soiled in its lowly spot,
That it did its duty well.

But by and bye, on a glorious day,
It swayed on the sun-kissed line,
And all earth's beauty about it lay,
Grass and trees and shine:

And it called to mind in the olden days
That its lovely dawning knew,
That both were wooed by the summer breeze,
And bore a blossom blue.

By their Fruits.

AND this is the stuff they sell to-day
On the streets of a Christian town!
That maketh demons of honest men,
And draggeth the women down;
Down to the very depths of hell —
No language can be too strong —
There is no speech that is harsh enough
To voice the women's wrong.

And what of the little children,
Murdered and maimed to-day?
Their cry has reached to the heavens —
Alas! who spoil and slay —
Woe for the hapless drunkard,
Woe for the mothers and wives,
But an awful fate, for the lust of gold,
Who blight the innocent lives.

After All.

AFTER all that is said and done,
'Tis the healthiest spot beneath the sun;
We may wend back home across the sea,
Where the fences bloom, and the rain-clouds be;
You may journey south to the southern seas,
And bask in an orange scented breeze,
But back again you will wend your way,
When summer comes and the cloudlets stay —
Happy to bask in our mountain land,
With the sunshine regal and ozone bland.

What matter if sinners sojourn here? —
More or less they are everywhere;
And never on earth is the perfect spot,
Where vice and its votaries are not;
We must count the good while we sum the ill,
And ever keep faith in our own kind still.
'Tis bad enough with the whiskey here,
As Christians, we doubtless are wrong to bear
The glaring flaws in our jewel set,
But the end — please God — has not entered yet.

To a Loved One.

IT never will be. Ah! love, the years go
O'er our heads with the rustle of wings,
And life is so full of all beautiful things,
And you and I have so much to do
That as the days pass every day brings
Work and endeavor and purpose new —
So much for us both to live, love, and do —
It seems sometimes we can never get through.

Stranger still would it be if we should forget
In the day of this bright dawn of life;
In our hey-day of hope with all liberty rife,
The great and the good that beckon us yet
To conquer and live in the strife:
Stranger yet would it be if severed and old
Our faith should wax dim, our love should grow
cold,
And we turn into dross all life's gold.

You love me not now for beauty of face —
(You would lose if you did, I'm afraid, in the
race!)
But such it is nothing to me.

For the years will add much to all true-hearted
 grace,

 If true to ourselves we be,
Leaving behind them their firm, tender trace
 Of the Been and the Yet to Be.

Stranger still would it be

 If you from our home should willingly stay
 Or I should forget you even one day :
 Our forms they may bend, our faces grow old,
 But never our love in the future grow cold
Until our life ceases to be.

 For why? We have loved in the dark winter
 day,

 When the sorrows of life grew thick o'er our
 way —

Forgotten? — It never can be.

I shall look till my eyes are dim with the years,
Or bright with the hope that eternity bears,

 For a form and a face that I love —
And you? You will welcome to your faithful breast
The true, tender heart that knows there its rest.

 While the years and the world go by
And we measure them only by love.

We will help one another, ah! love, you and I,
Till (please God) when he calls us in autumn to die :
Strange would it be through good or through ill
Could we forget Him, or He us — stranger still.

Shakespeare.

ALAS! My Shakespeare! well were it for thee
Thou liv'dst in an age when might and right
Were terms synonymous. Else had thy mind,
Attuned to lofty lays, and knowing all
Man's passion and his greed, and woman's perfidy,
Have shrunk within itself at so much talk,
Such rattle of conjecture, worse than vain.
I wonder now at times thou turn'st not back,
With all thy eloquence afire, at man who dares
 malign thy name,
Disputing e'en thy title to thy kingdom. Yet it
 seems
Content thou must be that it should be so. Or else
 thou holdst
A place so high in heaven that thy soul
Can mingle freely with its peers, and feel
Nothing but pity, kin to the Divine.

A Word for the Dog.

DEDICATED TO DR. BALLARD.

HE who hath lost a friend may know
How sweet the friendship for a dog can grow;
The faithful beast will list his master's call,
And do his bidding whate'er ill befall;
Will follow him with eyes whose liquid fire
Burns to that love and to that love's desire.

I have had friends and friends who turned away,
But always by my home my dogs would stay,
Strong and obedient, swift to go or come,
Speaking in actions though the tongue was dumb.

I could leave children with them hour by hour,
And know them safe from every harmful power;
And house and stock were theirs a guard to keep,
By day or night, awake or half asleep.

And when we lost them by a murderer's hand,
There fell a shadow o'er the darkening land,
We wept above them and we were not shamed
To own the tenderness those dumb brutes claimed.

A Plea for the Wildwood.

Cut down the lordly forest,
Root up the growth below,
Trample the fragile wild flowers,
And lay the fairest low;
And rear a modern mansion,
Bristling with colors grim,
Of varied architecture,
Of lineage strangely dim.

Where purling streams have rippled
Beneath the rustling trees,
And ferns of perfect beauty
Have wooed the passing breeze;
Where nature's grand cathedral
Has reared its lofty dome,
Where rodent, bird and insect
Have made their happy home.

Lay out the close-cropped terrace,
Banish the once-cool spring,
Plant foreign trees and mar the whole
With carpet gardening;

And leave a few limb-severed trees
To mock the scorching sun,
Then gaze upon and glory in
The *improvements* you've begun.

A Word of Truth.

THAT is affection that can hold
Through years of burning ill,
That shineth like the perfect gold
About its object still;
And that is friendship that can trust
Tho' oceans roll apart —
Above the verdict, dust to dust,
As beating heart to heart.

Were time the measure of earth's best,
How vain were earthly love,
How puerile friendship's tried behest
But that it blooms above;
A flower beyond the blight of time,
A light that fadeth never,
Through summer's sun, and winter's rime,
That shall glow on forever.

And that is faith, undying faith,
That never is dismayed,
No matter what Dame Fortune saith,
By time and tide ne'er stayed:
That holdeth like a cable strong
Through seas of tempest dread,
An anchor though the world go wrong,
Yet always hope ahead.

Finis.

WHEN the hands are softly folded
O'er the breast that throbs to-day,
With the hopes of life immortal,
Brush not thou thy tears away:
Let them fall, a thankful shower,
For the life so richly given,
Freighted with its love and power,
At the last complete in heaven.

Think not of the coming years
Of fruition crowned of earth;
Cease from all thy aching fears,
Rather joy at heavenly birth;
Grieve not o'er the beauty missed,
O'er the sunshine passed away;
Turn thy gaze where love hath kissed
Death and night to life and day.

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